

The Sketch

No. 1218 —Vol. XCIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



THE CHARMING ACTRESS WHO IS ENGAGED TO LORD MIDLETON'S HEIR: MISS PEGGY RUSH.

Miss Peggy Rush, who is shortly to be married to the Hon. George St. John Brodrick, elder son of Viscount Midleton, and heir to his title, is a clever and beautiful young actress who has charmed her audiences equally in musical comedy and in comedy, playing in America, as Posy, in "Quinney's." She also made a success in Sir Quiller Couch's play, "The Mayor of Troy-town," at the

Haymarket, and was to have appeared in Mr. Horace Vachell's new play, "Fishpingle," but, in view of her approaching marriage, has decided to leave the stage. The Hon. George Brodrick is a Lieutenant in the Surrey Yeomanry. He served in the Dardanelles, in 1914, as A.D.C. to the General Commanding the Forces.—[Photograph by Beaufort, Birmingham.]

THREE QUEENS IN FLOWER-LAND: ROYAL AN



THE PRIME MINISTER'S WIFE AT THE FLOWER SHOW: MRS. ASQUITH TALKING TO LADY DUNDAS (ON THE RIGHT).



A KING AND HIS CONSORT: KING MANOEL AND QUEEN AUGUSTA VICTORIA AT THE SHOW.



A ROYAL CONTRIBUTOR TO "CAFÉ CARMEL'S" BOX: QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



ROYAL CARESSES FOR "CAFÉ CARMEL": THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY (ON THE RIGHT) PATTING THE LITTLE PONY.



ON THE OPENING DAY: THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

That great annual festival of flowers, the Spring Show of the Royal Horticultural Society, was opened at Chelsea on Tuesday of last week (May 23). Her Majesty the Queen and Princess Mary were among the first arrivals, and it was not long before they encountered the little Shetland pony, "Café Caramel," who was on duty with a collecting-box on his back, on behalf of the War Horticultural Relief Fund. The Queen patted him, and Princess Mary dropped coins into his box. At first he was in charge of Lady Dundas and Miss May Dundas; later he was taken round by Lord and Lady Churston's two elder children, the Hon. Richard and the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller. At another time the pony was accompanied by Lord and Lady Drogheda's son,

OTHER VISITORS TO THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.



IN CHARGE OF "CAFÉ CARAMEL" AND HIS COLLECTING-BOX THE HON. RICHARD AND THE HON. JOAN YARDE-BULLER.



DISTINGUISHED VISITORS ON THE FIRST DAY: THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON WITH THE HON. ROBERT AND LADY EVELYN JAMES.



AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW: LADY LEONFIELD.



ROYALTY AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY (ON THE RIGHT).



LOOKING YOUNGER THAN EVER: QUEEN ALEXANDRA LEAVING THE SHOW.

little Viscount Moore, who is seen in Photograph No. 1 above. Among other early visitors on the first day of the Show were King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Wellington, the Hon. Robert and Lady Evelyn James, and Mrs. Asquith. Mr. Robert James is a brother of Lord Northbourne, and his wife is a daughter of the fourth Duke of Wellington. On the second day of the Show, Queen Alexandra paid a visit to it, and was also a contributor to "Café Caramel's" collection. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Victoria, the Grand Duchess George of Russia, with Princess Nina, and Prince Christopher of Greece.—[Photographs by Sport and General, Photopress, Topical, and C.N.]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS TO LONELY SOLDIERS

TOMMY AND CO. IN SAVOYLAND.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

I HAVE lost my heart—oh, don't worry, it often happens! I am quite used to it, in fact; and though I don't advertise a reward, I always reward the finder whenever possible.

Last Tuesday I rewarded one with many cups of tea, lots of sandwiches, heaps of cakes, and numberless smiles. He was such a dear—but then they always are—or else how could one lose one's heart? He had such cheery, brave, blue eyes, to match his hospital uniform. He was one of the three-hundred-and-twenty-five wounded gathered together at the Savoy. I think I have already told you of those ripping teas for the wounded soldiers and sailors that take place every first and third Tuesday of every month. You should tell Her to go and—for the love of them, and for the love of you—be hostess to ten Tommies. One golden guinea (for the sake of alliteration, but a crinkly pound note and one shilling will do!) gives happiness to eleven people—ten blue boys and oneself! Each host or hostess is allotted a table, which is numbered and bears his or her name. I am told that when those teas were started at the beginning of the year, 60 was the number of Tommies treated. Now as many as 400 of them can be "teaed," thanks to the kindness of everybody who has somebody at the front, or would like to have, and the energetic generosity of artists stage-managed by dear, funny Leslie Henson—who made you and me laugh so at "To-night's the Night," do you remember? (and wasn't it *the* Night, what?)—and the Savoy Management, who are just admirable. You know the big ballroom downstairs, where you and I—Oh, well, those times will come back, when you come back. Every other Tuesday, the Savoy people throw it open to the invading army of boys in blue—and the waiters wait their best: they tread silently, they guess what is going to be wanted, in their most accomplished Savoy manner. The porter himself—you know the magnificent and affable and be-braided person on the Embankment side—well, he has, in ushering in and ushering out the glorious regiment, the soft and protective gestures of a professional nurse almost!

And not only do the Savoy Management lend their beautiful big ballroom, but the Russian Orchestra comes down after lunch and plays till it is tea-time upstairs—doesn't it make your feet tingle just to mention the Savoy orchestra? Oh, bother those Boches! I so want to dance here with you again, soon, under the magic



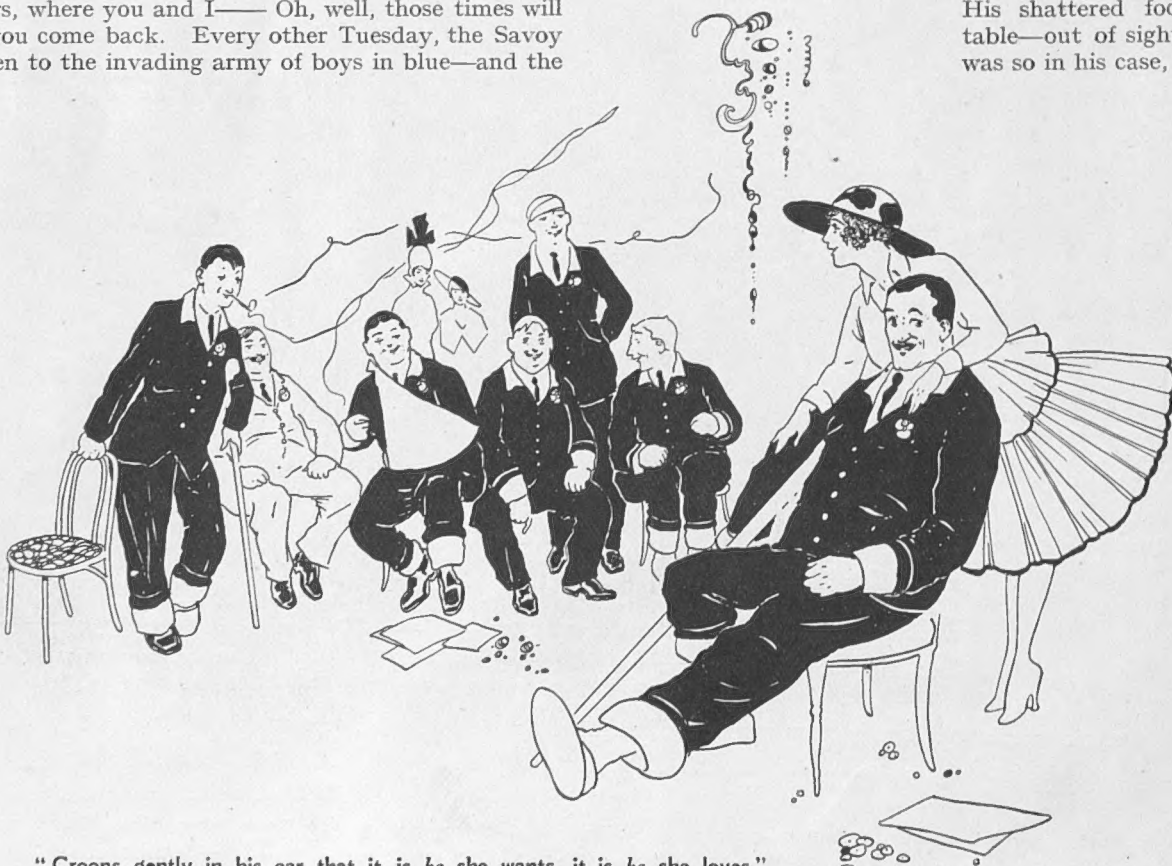
wand of Mr. Yacov Krein, the conductor of the Savoy.

I wish you had been there—not among the wounded, of course: among the hosts. So will you—when I tell you that the Beauty Chorus of the Gaiety was there!—George Grossmith (well, what are you smiling at?)—certainly, he was among the Beauty Chorus, very much so! And he sang, "They would not believe me" (do you remember when you and I first heard it, you said—however, that's digression). They believed him, then, because charming Madge Saunders was there for them to see, and the two of them succeeded in making those dear,

blue boys believe they were the happiest people on earth, and perhaps they are. Anyway, during the whole afternoon there was nothing blue about them, except their costumes. You should have seen their faces when the Gaiety Girls came in—looking their gayest and girliest and prettiest. D'you know, they actually look prettier at close range than on the stage. On second thoughts, I don't know that I regretted you not being there, just for that once. They came in, as I say, each with a bunch of flowers pressed against her heart. "Lucky flowers"—I heard you!—and they went from table to table, and from man to man, and the flowers changed owners. Every blue boy soon had a buttonhole, which I believe he will keep a long while. After which the Beauties sat down against the wall all in a row—a *brochette* of peeresses, of the future, as somebody remarked.

I asked my favourite blue boy, between an éclair and a song, whether he was enjoying himself. "Rather!" he said; just that, but you should have heard him say it! His shattered foot was under the table—out of sight, out of mind. It was so in his case, anyway. I believe

he was forgetting finely. "I hope you'll come another Tuesday," I said; to which he answered with such a pathetic paradox that I had to grin so as not to gulp. "Oh, could I, d'you think? but I am afraid I'll be quite well soon, and out of the hospital." Of course, he said that after Miss Mabel Funston, from the Prince of Wales's Theatre, had delighted him, and them, and us with her kissing song, "I want to be loved." That song was, I think, a stroke of genius. Perhaps you have heard her in it—



"Croons gently in his ear that it is *he* she wants, it is *he* she loves."

they had not, and it took them by surprise. Imagine a pretty girl, in a pretty frock, standing on a platform and singing in a soft, sweet voice to an absent person, "It is you I want, it is you I love," or

something to that effect; and then, suddenly ceasing the impersonal manner, the said pretty girl jumps off her pedestal, rushes to the nearest blue boy—astounded at so much luck—and, stroking his hair, croons gently in his ear that it is *he* she wants, it is *he* she loves, etc. All the other blue boys were turning green with envy, when, with an amiable impartiality, the singer switched off her love effusion to another worthy warrior, and then another, and yet another—Venus curing the wounds made by Mars, with a look, a smile, a pat, a hug, a kiss. Yes, a kiss, given, taken, exchanged, and returned—I saw it with my own eyes, and he felt it with his own lips, and you can take it from me (the statement, I mean, of course!) that song was the success of the day. Between ourselves, I am not sure of what Nurse thought when she saw her patients made so feverishly happy. Is excitement good for sick men, do you think?—for, of course, one's temperament affects one's temperature. But those are convalescent, really. My favourite blue told me that the men draw lots to come, and that they talk of it beforehand and long after. A trip to Savoyland provides a cheerful topic in the ward for weeks and weeks. No wonder, for, besides the topping tea and the cigarettes, there is, to begin with, a cinematographic representation by the Essanay Company—with Charlie Chaplin at his funniest, then a concert, and when, as last Tuesday, there is a kiss thrown in ("thrown" is a way of speaking), no wonder they draw lots! It is such a pity they can't all come to this huge family party. I say family party advisedly, for it gave me just that impression of easy content and harmony. The Savoy Management are kindness and generosity itself; well, they are the Savoy's, and that is saying everything. I am inclined to think that a little, lisping lady in a short frock and a big bow helped to create that atmosphere of happiness on that Tuesday. You should have seen her passing the sugar and the sandwiches about the tables and telling stories



"Little, lisping lady in a short frock and a big bow."

to her big, wounded friends, or sitting on their laps, gravely exchanging confidences with them.

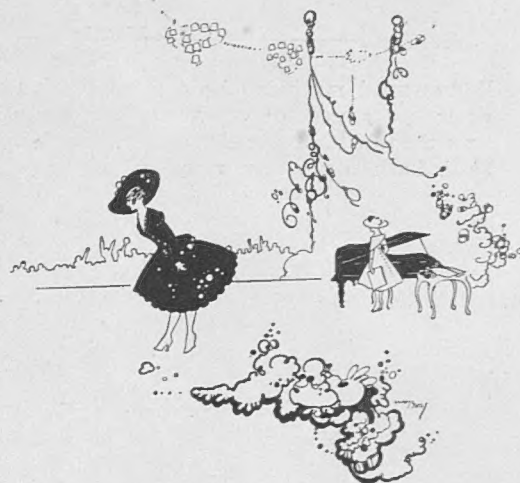
Who else was there; well—among many charming others—Miss Mary Hancock, from Daly's Theatre, who sang "Good Night, Nurse," to everybody's great joy. Let us hope Nurse had a good night. I am not sure Tommy had!—not a very sound sleep, you know. I would not have had, in his place—but he had a good day, anyway!

And that reminds me of a story, rather improbable but amusing, that one of you told me some time ago already. It was at a concert for the back-from-the-Front ones in a provincial town, a hall had been lent, and a great star in the musical-comedy world was to shoot from London for a few hours and sing to the wounded soldiers. The hall was packed, for not only had the singer quite a pleasant voice, but she was a most entrancing creature, and carried herself and her exciting clothes enchantingly—not that her clothes were very heavy!

When the concert was over and the wounded ones had reintegrated the hospital, the sister in charge perceived that her patients were suffering from minor hurts which they had not when they started. One had a black eye, the other a torn jacket; one man, in particular, who had gone to the concert with a bad leg, came back with a bad arm as well! Sister was very much concerned. Had they had a spill in the car? How did it happen? And the good man, he of the bad leg and the bad arm, answered with a sheepish grin: "Well, you see, Sister, 'twas like this. The lady she was singing; a topping song it was, too; and sudden-like there was a rending sound, she stopped, and rolled her eyes and held on with both hands to her fal-lals, and 'Oh, dear; Oh, dear!' she said, distressed-like; 'something has gone and given way—can anyone lend me a pin?' and my arm got hurt in the crush"—(!)

As the result of so much—goodwill, the sweet star must have looked like a pin-cushion!

But to come back to *our* blue lambs, they didn't get any broken arm—all hooks and eyes held fast—but they had much fun nevertheless. They enjoyed enormously the "I think I could love you—if—if—if!" as Leslie Henson sang it; and I think Leslie Henson enjoyed almost as much singing it. He seemed to, anyway, as he seemed to enjoy being useful as well as being amusing—helping, organising, announcing, leading the gracious Gaiety Girls on the platform, and helping them to descend therefrom with tender care. "I think I could love you"—Lively Leslie! But there, I am entering into the spirit of the thing too seriously—what! The Gaiety people have been most gracefully gay, giving of their gaiety generously whenever gaiety was needed in these difficult days. And when you come back you must cheer them for what they have been doing here. Carolling often requires courage, you know!



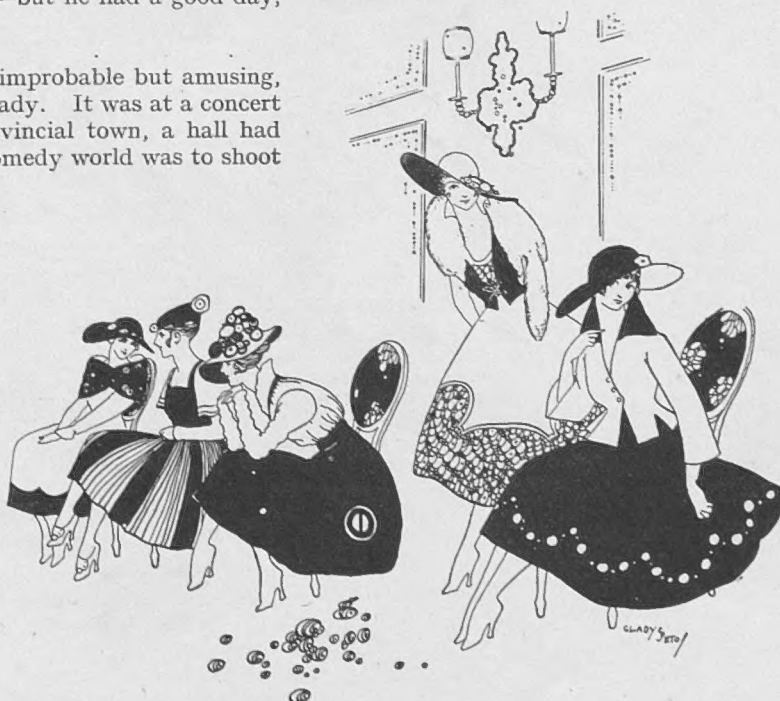
"The energetic generosity of artists."

Pretty Joyce Barbour was there too, the Baby of the Company, and such a dear—a flapper of fifteen. Just fancy! There are no children nowadays, as Aunt Barbara always says—meaning that little girls are now allowed to be heard as well as seen. And a very good thing too!

Henri Leoni sang "Au Revoir, Paree," and though I am not sure Tommy had progressed sufficiently in French to understand it all, he liked the tune very much.

And when Harry Drummond, of the Adelphi, in his lieutenant's uniform—you remember him in "Tina," don't you?—gave them "Gilbert the Filbert," the boys were delighted. They roared at the musical sketch of Frederick Norton, and they learned from Montague Sydney (such a good-looking man, with ripping grey hair and young blue eyes) how to make love *à la* Frenchman, *à la* American, *à la* Coster, *à la* Curate, etc. Oh, next time, Mr. Montague Sydney, you'll show us how an Englishman makes love, won't you? I am so curious to know!

Now, when I have told you that Miss Avice Kelham sang a ripping song the title of which I don't remember, and that Ralph Roberts tickled his audience with "Ten Little Fingers," you'll have a good idea of the pleasant programme we had. All those songs were admirably accompanied by Miss Maudie Thornton, who played and played indefatigably, and with all her heart—her ten little fingers too!



"A brochette of peeresses—of the future."

Oh, but I haven't told you—if you would like to be hosts or She to be hostess—that tickets may be obtained at the entrance on the day of the entertainment, or cheques may be sent in advance addressed to Mrs. Leake, Hon. Secretary, Wounded Soldiers and Sailors Tea - Concerts, Savoy Hotel, London, W.C., to whom all communications should be addressed. But if you

want to buy tickets, do so two weeks before the entertainment; and if you mean to buy them at the door, then give two weeks' notice. *Compris?*

No space left to send you any special and personal message. Next week, Camarades. *Au revoir!*

SMALL TALK

THE mournful matinée of gloomy Georgian playlets naturally drew the gayest of crowds to His Majesty's. Lady Diana was there with Lady Anglesey; Mrs. Ralph Peto and Lady Juliet Duff, both absolutely refusing to be depressed, were with equally cheerful friends. Lady Cunard, tearless and unafraid, was an active centre of talk after every curtain; and Lady Juliet Duff, Mrs. Ralph Peto, and Lady Lytton were among the ladies who looked

like anything in the world rather than the tragic, uncomfortable, hot-lipped heroines of our Georgian poets.

Dead Rabbits and Dentists.

Miss Ethel Levey, who conducted an auction at this same matinée, did really seem to be a little depressed by the Georgian atmosphere. She, of all people—she of the exuberant stride and resonant voice! One cannot, of course, imagine her in a Gordon Bottomley part, mourning

over a dead rabbit at one moment or a dead Queen the next; but one would have thought she had stamina enough to throw off the gloom of a single afternoon's ordeal. But she had a double excuse: she confessed she was on the way to her dentist. "Lear's Wife" and a tooth-drill on the same afternoon might well break the boldest spirit.

"The Trees." The occasion had its humours. At a stall where the ordinary editions of the works of Rupert Brooke, Wilfred Gibson, and Gordon Bottomley were on sale a book of nature-verses called "The Trees" was also offered, its author, Mr. Harold Munro, being in attendance. "I'll have this, please," said a Countess new to the ways and names of the Georgian poets. "No, I won't," she added hastily, having glanced at its contents; "I thought it was about dear Sir Beerbohm and his clever family."

"No Pushing nor Running, Please."

Sir Ronald Ross was the neatest, though not the principal, speaker at the Baroness d'Erlanger's last Thursday, and Mr. Chesterton was there to lead the laughter as each of Sir Ronald's little points came up. "G. K. C.," indeed, was almost as quick to appreciate them as he was to see his own sallies when his turn came—almost, but not quite, for the joke about Chesterton's jokes is that he begins to enjoy them, with a long, rumbling, interrupting laugh, just before he manages

to make them. The proceedings ended as cheerfully as they began, for just at the finish a duly authorised personage rose, and told the audience not to damage the Baroness's screens in going out, which made everybody feel very young, and the weaker vessels giggle in the true school-treat manner.

The Opening of the Gates.

To those of us who do not live in a London square the hesitations and calculations that have

delayed the admittance of the wounded are hard to understand. But the psychology of the square-dweller is a thing apart, and the world at large does well to let him work out his own salvation; he holds the key to the situation and is now using it in the best possible way. Sir Ronald Ross, the clever and amiable speaker who amused us the other day at Baroness d'Erlanger's, was, I see, among the first to support the movement for giving the wounded the run of the squares—though "the run," alas! is hardly the word in a multitude of cases. Lord de Ramsey, Lord Aberconway, Adeline Duchess of Bedford, Lady Vincent, Lord Alington, and Lady Lowther were among others who helped to inaugurate the policy of the Open Gate.

The Puppets in the High Street.

The Puppet Show at Kensington Town Hall deserved its crowd, deserved Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson's rhythmic clappings. Mr. Gair Wilkinson was, first and last, the master of the ceremonies. Mr. Wilkinson is half itinerant player, half pioneer. He has travelled all France with his marionettes, and had his whole stock-in-trade stolen from him in Italy a year or two ago. His present "company," therefore, is very new, and very brisk and debonair into the bargain.

Park Lane Amateurs.

Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane is the new headquarters of the Amateur Art Society, which used to hold its exhibitions still nearer the Marble Arch. A collector, like so many of his neighbours, Sir Philip owns a house quite worthy of his tastes, and it makes a much more lively setting for the Society's exhibition than did the somewhat derelict mansion sometimes lent for the purpose in the past. As usual, Queen Alexandra is giving her support to the show; and Miss Sybil Legh, Mrs. Mallet, and Lady Maxwell Lyte helped to make the opening successful.



A WORKER FOR QUEEN MARY'S NEEDLEWORK GUILD: THE HON. CATHERINE KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH.

Miss Catherine Kay-Shuttleworth, who is working assiduously for Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, at Friary Court, is the youngest daughter of Lord Shuttleworth.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



WIFE OF THE "M.P. FOR THE AIR": MRS. PEMBERTON BILLING.

Mrs. Pemberton Billing is the wife of the Member for East Herts—and the Air—who made so energetic a canvassing campaign and succeeded in winning his seat for East Herts, after having unsuccessfully contested an election for Mile End.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



MARRIED ON SATURDAY: MISS ESME TEVERSHAM (MRS. EDWARD BALLARD).

Miss Teversham, who was married, very quietly, on Saturday last to Lieutenant Edward Ballard, R.F.A., is the daughter of Colonel Richard Kinlock Teversham, and Mrs. Teversham, of Huntworth, Bournemouth.

Photograph by Swaine.



A WORKER FOR QUEEN MARY'S NEEDLEWORK GUILD: MISS DAPHNE BOURKE.

Miss Bourke is the daughter of the Hon. Algernon Bourke and is a niece of the Earl of Mayo. She is a worker for the Queen's Needlework Guild, at Friary Court.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



AN OFFICER'S DAUGHTER WHO IS BUSY MAKING SHELLS: MISS HERMIONE BIDDULPH.

Miss Biddulph, who is working hard making shells in a great munitions factory, is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Hope Biddulph, R.A., who is at the Front.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



MARRYING A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ACTRESS: LIEUTENANT THE HON. GEORGE ST. JOHN BRODRICK.

Lieutenant Brodrick is the son of Viscount Midleton, and is in the Surrey Yeomanry. He is shortly to be married to the clever and charming young actress, Miss Peggy Rush.

Photograph by Barnett.

SOCIETY WEDDINGS OF LAST WEEK: WELL-KNOWN COUPLES.



LADY ROSE BOWES-LYON—COMMANDER THE HON. W. S. LEVESON-GOWER: AFTER THE CEREMONY.



THE HON. SYBIL COLVILLE—MR. RUPERT CARINGTON: LEAVING THE CHURCH.



MISS SOPHIE KATHLEEN KENNEDY—SIR GEORGE A. D. DUNBAR: A WEDDING GROUP.

On May 24, at St. James's, Piccadilly, the Archbishop of York officiating, Lady Rose Bowes-Lyon, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, was married to Commander the Hon. William Spencer Leveson-Gower, brother and heir-presumptive of Earl Granville. A reception was held after the marriage at 20, St. James's Square, by Lady Strathmore.—On May 25, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, the Hon. Sybil Colville, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Colville, was married to Mr. Rupert Carington, 5th Dragoon Guards, son of the Hon. Rupert Carington, nephew of the Marquess of Lincolnshire and second heir to the Carrington

barony. There were no bridesmaids, but two children, Miss Joy Streatfield and Master Philip Colville, acted as train-bearers. Mr. N. Curran, 5th Dragoon Guards, acted as best man.—On May 24, Miss Kennedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Benson Kennedy, of Inverness House, Porchester Terrace, was married to Sir George Alexander Drummond Dunbar of Durn. Our photograph shows (left to right), Back Row: Miss Violet Munday, Major Sir George Dunbar (best man), the Hon. Irene Molesworth, Miss Audrey Butterworth; Front Row: Miss Rosamund Thompson, Miss Ethel Butterworth, Sir George and Lady Dunbar, and Master Richard Thompson.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 2, by Topical; No. 3, by C.N.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot.")

"What of the War?"

The self-deceiving Hun, who tells himself and his family, immediately after the daily choral performance of the "Hymn of Hate," that the beastly English are sick to death of the War, should be present at a certain small railway station each evening at six o'clock. There he would find assembled a motley crowd—the Squire and the chauffeur to the Squire; the parson or one of the parson's daughters; the wives of the toilers in the fields; small children; girls; youths not yet eligible for the Army; old men; spinster ladies; invalided members of his Majesty's Forces.

On every face there is a look of excited anxiety, and every right hand grasps a halfpenny. The very centre of the crowd—the uncrowned king of the hour—is a small boy with a dirty satchel over his shoulder. This boy, of all those present, is calm and collected. This boy alone has no hot copper in his hand. Wherever he goes, the crowd meekly follow. He is a tyrant unspeakable. He makes not the least attempt to allay the feverish dread of the spinster ladies. On the contrary, he revels in his power.

At last the train from London comes in, a bundle of evening papers is pitched on to the platform, the small boy picks it up in a nonchalant manner—and disappears. "Where is he? Where's he gone?" The crowd rush hither and thither—the Squire, and the chauffeur, and the parson's daughter, and the wives, and the children, and the girls, and the youths, and the old men, and the spinster ladies, and the invalided soldiers and sailors! "Where is he? Where is the boy with the papers?"

The Struggle.

A shout goes up—"He's in the porters' room!" Away goes everybody to the porters' room, where the small boy with the satchel is leisurely counting his papers. Hands are thrust forth—delicate hands and rough hands; small hands and big hands; the hands of children and the hands of old men; hands coarsened with honest work and the fragile hands of the spinster ladies. "One, please!" "Two, please!" "I must have one to-night!" "You promised me last night I should have one to-night!"

The small boy, examining each face with care, doles out the papers. Why there are not enough papers for all, nobody knows. But there are not—there never are. The crowd has ceased to expect it. It fawns upon this small boy with the dirty satchel. The women, who have the honour of his personal acquaintance, speak to him by name. The Squire, of his horrible opulence, offers a penny for a halfpenny paper!

He is a hardened radical, this boy. You cannot impose upon him by the superiority of clothes or wealth. The working women come off better, as a rule, than the Squire or the parson's daughter. Many of all ranks and degrees go away empty-handed—save for the sticky coppers—and glean a little intelligence at second-hand from those favoured by the small boy. Five minutes after the arrival of the train and all is over for that evening. The crowd disperses. The small boy, with certain papers in his satchel and a huge peppermint in his cheek, goes off, deviously, along the road. Silence falls upon the station. The daily fight for a ha'porth of news from London is over.

The Precious Ha'porth.

And what have they got for their halfpenny, those favoured ones? Well, it depends upon the paper. One paper gives them good news, and the other gives them bad. They can take their choice. In one home there is weeping and loud lamentation over the shortcomings of the Government; in the very next house there is much rejoicing that all is well with so well conducted a war.

But there is much else in addition to the war news. There is a leading article. Here, again, you have a choice. One leading article sends you, all sad and sorrowful, to the darkling churchyard; the other leads you, all lit up and sparkling, to the village pub. It is just a question of temperament. There is a public, obviously, for both papers.

And then, after the war news and the leading article, the happy purchaser may read of the troubles of those who will live in gay cities. He may read of commandments broken and smashed to atoms. He may read the comic comments of the learned judge on the conduct of these commandment-breakers.

Finally—and this is the tit-bit beloved of the spinster ladies—the purchaser may read of the gay doings of London town, described in an easy, careless way by some anonymous duke who amuses himself for the time being with a little evening journalism. He heads his lazy jottings from an address in Mayfair, and his column is so sprinkled with great names that the spinster ladies sit and thrill like anything behind their muslin blinds. This, in a very inferior way, is the sort of thing that brings the greater London so vividly to the country—

MY LITTLE LONDON.

BY LORD DASH.

A Certain Mansion,
Wednesday.

Had three rather jolly little lunches yesterday. First at the Gorgeous Grill. Met Tommy Bones, who gave me his V.C. to hold while he ate his soup. Tommy has aged somewhat since we were at Eton and Harrow together.

Second at Hotel Nice. Refused eight brands of fizz, but took a stick of iced asparagus for luck. Saw the Bishop of Bognor at a table with Lord Arthur. Chucked the Bish. under the chin.

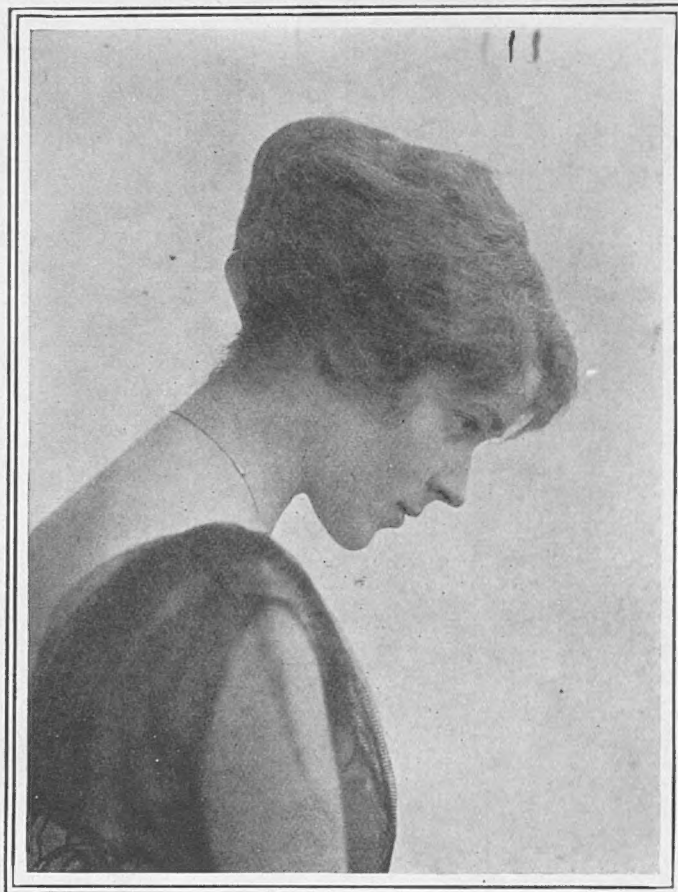
Third at Willie's, where everybody goes now who is fit to live.

Kitty Kettle was there, surrounded by the peerage under military age. Great clamour when I dropped in. Kitty tells me that she keeps fresh for her Dum-dum Dance by bathing three times a day in benedictine and lavender-water.

Have you heard the story about the Colonel just back from Flanders and the little grass widow who would play the cornet at Ciro's? I haven't.

Am told a certain royal personage reads my column every day before dinner. Flattered! Must ask him about it when we meet, which should be pretty soon now by the law of averages.

Have you tried iced trout with your early morning tea? Philippe, of Martin's Hotel, has been telling me all about it. Rather chic.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN WILLIAM LA TOUCHE CONGREVE TO-MORROW (JUNE 1): MISS PAMELA CYNTHIA MAUDE, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. CYRIL MAUDE.

Captain Congreve, of the Rifle Brigade, is the eldest son of Major-General W. N. Congreve, V.C., C.B., M.V.O., late Commandant, School of Musketry, Hythe, and Mrs. Congreve, of Chartley Hall, Staffordshire. The wedding will take place at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: WAR-CLOTHES.



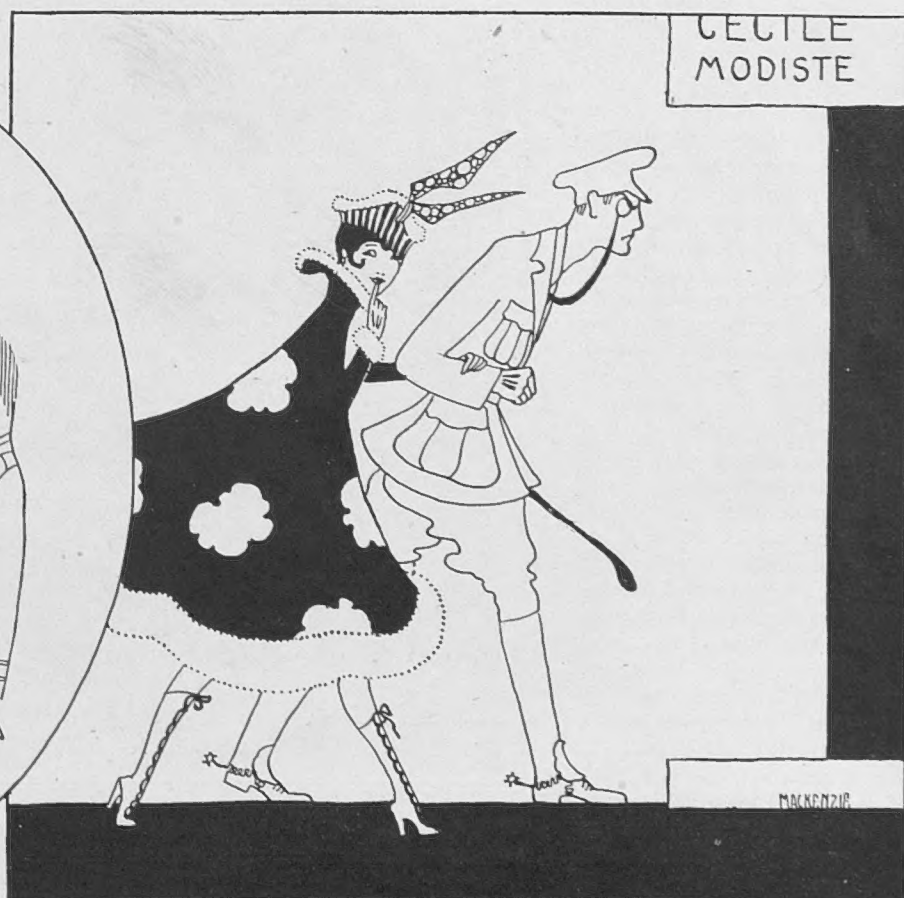
Captain, Snob, in a burst of patriotism, has forbidden his dear little wife to buy any new Spring clothes!



Whereupon, with diligence and a curtain and his pre-war silk hat, —



She manufactures this bizarre and striking creation!



But her husband, obsessed by the origin of the garments insures against their re-appearance in the above satisfactory manner



THE CLUBMAN

THE GRIM REALITIES OF WAR: SHATTERED TREES AND SCARRED FIELDS: A GLIMPSE OF THE PICTURESQUE.

The Picturesque in Warfare.

As a whole, the present terrible and bloody war has been lacking in picturesque events, when compared to smaller and less costly campaigns. When the Germans went to ground on the heights facing Rheims, the days of cavalry charges and the manœuvring of infantry in the open changed to a contest of moles and concealed artillery. To pound the opponent's trenches so fiercely that they lose all form and shape, and that the men left alive amidst the tossed-about earth are dazed creatures incapable of resistance, is not picturesque; nor is the pushing forward of wave after wave of infantry—often drugged men—on the chance that enough of them may get over the ground sprayed with shrapnel and swept by machine-gun fire to occupy the churned-up parapets and dig themselves in, at all picturesque. But to that form of warfare the French and ourselves, and on certain fronts the Russians, have had to conform, because trench warfare can only be met by trench warfare.

The Cavalry Boys.

We began with every intention that the war should be on good old picturesque lines, and our cavalry drew first blood when one of our mounted patrols, coming suddenly upon a patrol of Uhlans, charged them and knocked them about like ninepins. Our artists have commemorated the charge of the 9th Lancers, and Le Cateau and the Battle of the Aisne afford subjects unlimited for battle pictures in which our cavalry boys and our galloping guns play a part; but the greatest feat of British cavalry in this war—the manner in which they held the trenches at Ypres to give their comrades of the infantry some rest, fighting with rifle and bayonet, "sticking" the terrific bombardment with magnificent pluck, and meeting the enemy's attacking waves with the bayonet and the butt as though those were the weapons they had been brought up to use—does not group easily into a picture. A battle to-day, when a fierce action is being fought, is just a landscape with some of the trees shattered, and with white lines traced across the fields here and there. White and brown balls of smoke burst in the air and over the lines. As a picture, it is just a landscape spoiled. Of course, the day may—and probably will—come when both the British and the French cavalry will get their chance with the *arme blanche*, and a glad day it will be for both those gallant services. The French cavalry in one action did charge on to and over the German trenches; but nowadays the barbed wire that forms the entanglement before all trenches would stop any cavalry in the world, and the curtain fire that takes such a terrible toll of the infantry in the open would be even more fatal to cavalry, which presents a larger target.

Our Very Good Enemies.

The Turks, our very good enemies, are the opponents who have given us, the British, the greater number of the opportunities of fighting picturesque actions during the present war. The landings on the Gallipoli Peninsula were as heroic fights as any that were ever waged on the neighbouring windy plains of Troy. And could anything have been more picturesque than the sudden appearance on the Tigris of those Russian cavalymen who had ridden through from the

north to join General Lake's forces? The first dust raised by the Cossacks' ponies must have puzzled the sentries of our outposts, and they must have wondered whether the coming horsemen were Arabs on some looting expedition or Turkish cavalry attempting some desperate *coup de main*. And when the Russians were in our lines, how both the British and the Indian soldiers must have crowded round their bivouacs to see the men who had carried out this splendid adventure, to offer them little gifts, and to make attempts to understand the unknown tongue they spoke. So many of the officers of our Indian Army learn Russian nowadays that there must have been no lack of willing interpreters in General Lake's force.

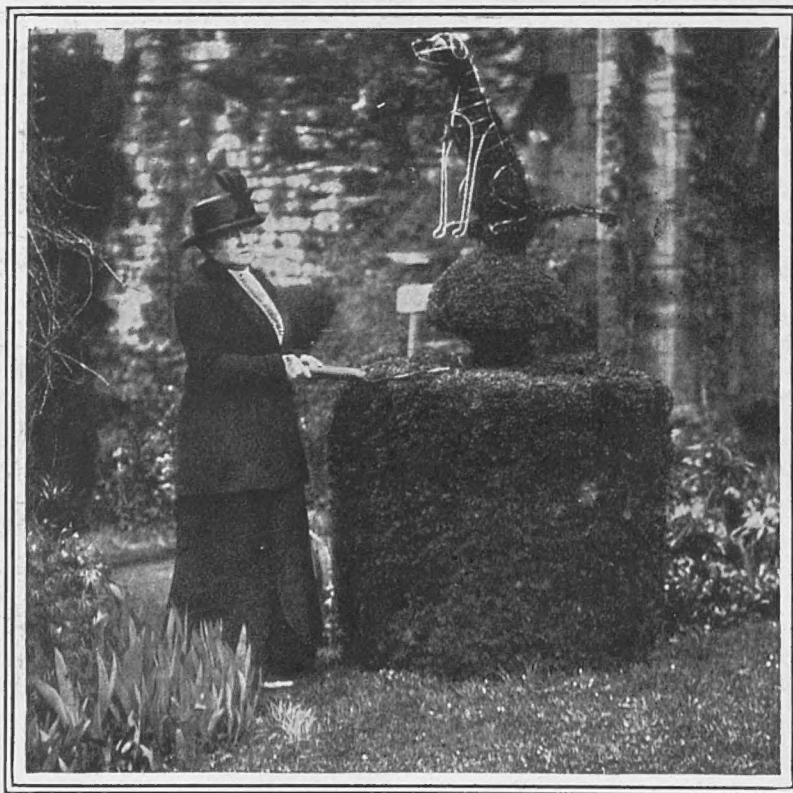
Lord Dundonald's Secret War Plan.

There has been a good deal of talk in the Service clubs during the period of the present war of the "secret plan" of Lord Dundonald, the tenth Earl, one of the most daring sailors that Great Britain ever was proud of, the papers concerning which are still, I believe, lying in the War Office. It is said—I do not know with what truth—that his plan was very much on the lines of the setting free of poisonous gases which the Germans have employed in the present war. Lord Cochrane, as he then was, offered his invention to the War Office and the Admiralty in 1811, and a committee was appointed to consider it, and reported that his plan was "effective but inhuman." If that committee had been less squeamish on the score of humanity, it is curious to think that the Battle of Waterloo, if the wind had been favourable—I really forget in what direction the wind was on that great day—might have been won by the British by freeing poisonous vapours and allowing them to float across to the French lines. In that case all the picturesqueness of that great battle would have been blotted out by the creeping vapour. The French cavalry would never have ridden about our unbroken squares; Ney would not have led that last gallant but hopeless charge; the Scots Greys would not have charged with the bonneted Highlanders holding on to their stirrup-leathers; and grim old Cambonne, from the midst of a square of the Old Guard, would not have flung his deathless words—or was it a word?—to the English who called upon him to surrender.



THE KING'S THIRD SON CHARGING WITH THE ETON COLLEGE O.T.C.:
H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY.

Our photograph shows manoeuvres in progress in the beautiful old Playing Fields at Eton, which are now largely devoted to training the members of the College O.T.C. in the "great game" of war. Prince Henry takes his part eagerly in this as in all the College open-air life. His Royal Highness was sixteen in March.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



WITH A TOPIARY DOG: LADY CATHERINE MILNES GASKELL AT WENLOCK ABBEY.

Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell is the wife of the Right Hon. Charles George Milnes Gaskell, P.C., and a sister of the Earl of Portsmouth. She is growing plants and selling them for Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, and other War Funds. Our photograph shows her busy at topiary work, clipping a yew-tree into shape. A fantastic piece of topiary is to be seen at the top of the tree, where a framework is being employed to train the foliage into the shape of a seated dog.—[Photograph by Farrington.]

WAR-TIME FASHIONS: WOMAN'S DRESS OF THE MOMENT.



1. WITH DOUBLE FLOUNCE: THE LATEST IN SKIRTS.

4. ABSENCE OF LINE: THE VOGUE OF "SHAPELESSNESS."

2. IN THE "FULNESS" OF (SUMMER) TIME: AN UP-TO-DATE COSTUME.

5. SLIGHTLY SUGGESTIVE OF A BUSTLE: FULNESS AT THE BACK.

3. WOMAN POCKETED: ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE "FULL" SKIRT.

6. THE MODERN POCKET, ON EITHER SIDE THE SKIRT: A SIMPLE WALKING-DRESS.

Now that the walls of London town so constantly proclaim that "to dress extravagantly in war-time is worse than bad form—it is unpatriotic," the steps taken by Dame Fashion to fall in with our unwritten sumptuary laws are a matter of considerable interest. As our photographs show, feminine attire can still be very charming even

when it is less elaborate than of old; indeed, in many cases simplicity may add to its charm, and, to some extent, to economy—the dress desideratum of the moment. Our Photograph No. 5, we may mention, shows the famous dancer, Florence Walton.—[Photograph No. 5, by Ira L. Hill.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE encouraging sunshine, the tolerant smiles of wounded soldiers, and the presence of Royalty helped last week to banish a sense of the impropriety of assisting at elaborate flower-shows in war-time. Everybody was very intent on the exhibits; Lady Leonfield and her head gardener told each other horticultural secrets, out of the depths of their learning; the King of Portugal and the Duchess of Portland seemed to be equally well informed about orchids, and the Speaker was able to explain to his companions all the points of the new rhododendron. For half-an-hour the odontoglossum ardentissimum bulked larger in our minds than

Mort Homme. It was only when we got outside again among the newspaper posters that one wondered if even the new rhododendron mattered very much. But the *Times*, the next morning, had comforting sentences about the national importance of horticultural endeavour.



ENGAGED TO LADY K. CARNEGIE: LT. RIVERS BOSANQUET. Lieutenant Bosanquet, King's Own, is son of Mr. Richard Bosanquet, The Bank House, Windsor. Lady Katherine Carnegie is daughter of the Earl of Southesk.

Photograph by Lafayette.

of a Shetland pony, by Lady Drogheda's little son and Lady Churston's two children. Further, it was a day of perfectly unabashed luxury. The sun called for pretty dresses, and got them. Mrs. Asquith was everything that one of the best-dressed of women should be when a marvellous display of flowers sets the pace in competition for pre-eminence in shimmering textures and gay colours.

Lord Rosebery's Digging.

In this age of vehement thrift, says Lord Rosebery, there should be no question of preserving that useless and costly sinecure



AN ASSIDUOUS WAR-WORKER: THE HON. IVY SOMERSET.

The Hon. Ivy Somerset is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Raglan, and is much interested in working for the war. She has three brothers, two of whom have been wounded, serving in the Army.

Photograph by Yevonde.



ENGAGED TO THE RECTOR OF ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY: MISS FRANCES G. A. ANSON. Miss Frances Gertrude Acland Anson is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Henry Anson, of St. George's Square. The Rev. W. Temple, Rector of St. James's, is a son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

Photograph by Swaine.

The Ladies and the Flowers.

At any rate, some thousands of people certainly

planked down the ten-shilling notes that gained them admittance to the Flower Show. Further, they put much money into the boxes carried round, with the help



A FRIEND TO BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR IN BULGARIA: MME. TAKE JONESCU.

Mme. Take Jonescu, wife of the Roumanian Minister of the Interior, is showing much kindly interest in British prisoners of war in Bulgaria, and has received many appreciative letters of thanks for parcels sent, from the officers of the camp.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

practising. Dalmeny has been doing duty as a hospital since the beginning of the war, and its owner has taken a house in Edinburgh—a furnished house in Edinburgh!

The Y.O.C. "If I were Dostoevsky I would write a book about this camp of a thousand subalterns," says a Lieutenant in a letter from the headquarters of the Y.O.C. Yes, if he were Dostoevsky, and if he were not a subaltern in the Y.O.C. The sergeants who drill the officers of that Corps as if they were Tommies give them pack

drill into the bargain if they do not buckle to with a humility quite out of keeping with their commissions. Swank and Dostoevsky are both at a discount in the Y.O.C.

An Engagement Without a Casualty.

"Just the man to whom it would be difficult to confess one's weaknesses—a weakness, say, for an actress." Such might have been the verdict on the Lord Middleton who was so severe in the Lords the other day. But Lord Middleton's more distinctive characteristics are his humour, his good-humour, and his wit. He made the most excellent possible bedside companion when his son was on the casualty list in Egypt last autumn; and it is not likely that the same son's engagement will be counted as one of the family's reverses.

Lady Cunard and Co.

Lady Cunard, always

adventurous in portraiture—was she not once put into marble by Mestrovic?—lately sat to Mr. Will Rothenstein, and her name is included in the list of drawings exhibited by him at the Leicester Galleries. He, I take it, is the recognised iconographer of seers, professors, and poets; but not, certainly, of ladies. Rabindranath Tagore and Robert Bridges are his "line," and so are Yeats and Wills and Edmund Gosse and Cobden-Sanderson, and many another grave-featured and baggy-elbowed celebrity. Will Rothenstein is a master of the grave countenance and the baggy elbow; and Lady Cunard is the only Englishwoman whose name appears on the Leicester Gallery list.

Miss Asquith's Exhibition.

Talking of exhibitions, Miss Elizabeth Asquith scores considerably in getting together a collection of Sargents—or rather, she scores in getting Sargent's sanction for getting together the collection.

Without his sanction (even now that he is at peace in the Rockies), it would be very difficult to borrow his portrait-sketches from their owners. "Oh, I dare not; you know how difficult and reluctant and fussy Mr. Sargent is," would be the excuse of people unwilling to derange their walls. But Mr. Sargent's expressed wish, even when he is buried in the Rockies, is law among his admirers; and arrangements for Miss Asquith's exhibition have gone swimmingly. The private view is on June 2, and all the auspices are delightfully favourable.



A FRIEND TO THE WOUNDED: MRS. J. F. DUBOSC TAYLOR. Mrs. Dubosc Taylor has converted her house in the West End into a hospital for wounded soldiers home from the war.

Photograph by Lafayette.



AN ASSIDUOUS WAR-WORKER: THE HON. FREDERICA SOMERSET.

The Hon. Frederica Somerset is a sister of the Hon. Ivy, and their father, Lord Raglan, is Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man. Lady Raglan was, before her marriage, Lady Ethel Ponsonby, sister of the Earl of Bessborough.

Photograph by Yevonde.

OF NANTWICH, STAFFORDSHIRE, AND MOUNT STREET.



WIFE OF THE HOLDER OF A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BARONETCY: LADY BROUGHTON.

Lady Broughton, who assisted recently at Lady Greville's *matinée* at Drury Lane, is the wife of Major Sir Henry John Delves Broughton, of the Irish Guards, who is at present training recruits. Before her marriage, in 1913, she was Miss Vera Edyth Boscawen. She is the daughter of Mr. Boscawen Trevor Griffith Boscawen, of Trevalyn

Hall, Rossett, North Wales. She has a little son, born last year. The Broughtons are a very old Staffordshire family, whose records go back to the days of Henry VI. Sir Henry is the eleventh Baronet, the title having been conferred in 1660. His seats are: Doddington Park, Nantwich; Broughton Hall, Staffordshire; and Mount Street

Photograph by Rita Martin.

BULLETS — AND BEARD.



MAKING BATTLEFIELD SOUVENIRS: A FIRING SQUAD AT WORK ON "GIFTS THAT HAVE SAVED LIFE."

DRAWN BY FRASER.



THE BARBER (gazing in horror on the beginnings of his customer's beard): I should 'ave it orf, Sir, before it gets worse.

DRAWN BY A. M.

WHO WOULDN'T BE A BUTTERFLY? IN SUMMER TIME.



A MISS WIGLEY, A BUTTERFLY, A BATHING-GIRL, AND A LETTER OF THE GREEK ALPHABET :
MISS BIRDIE COURTNEY.

Miss Birdie Courtney plays various parts in the Comedy revue, "Half-Past Eight" (by Summer Time). In the first scene she is one of the sixteen buxom daughters of Mr. Wigley, of Muddleton, who arrive at the Comedy Theatre in the nick of time to provide a beauty chorus. In the next scene, where most of the characters are garden-

products, she is the Butterfly. Next she appears in Scene 4, "The Turkish de Light Bath," as a Bathing Girl, not, however, in the above costume. In the Aristophanic scene, "A Garden near Salonika," she takes the part of Zeta, which, as our learned readers doubtless know, is the name of a letter of the Greek alphabet.

Camera-Portraits by E. O. Hoppe.

THAT DIRTY PATCH!

DUNLOP: You've been routing round your toolbox for a patch! You've at last found a couple, but they're both so covered with grease and dirt that you don't know whether to use 'em or not!

Let me show you some **DUNLOP MOTOR SUREPATCHES**. They're packed in neat little dirt-and-grease-proof envelopes, so that every patch is kept perfectly clean and your Surepatch is ready to do its work under proper conditions.

Ask your dealer—he either has them or can get them promptly!

DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD.,
 Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry,
 Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent St., London, S.W.
 PARIS: - - - 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

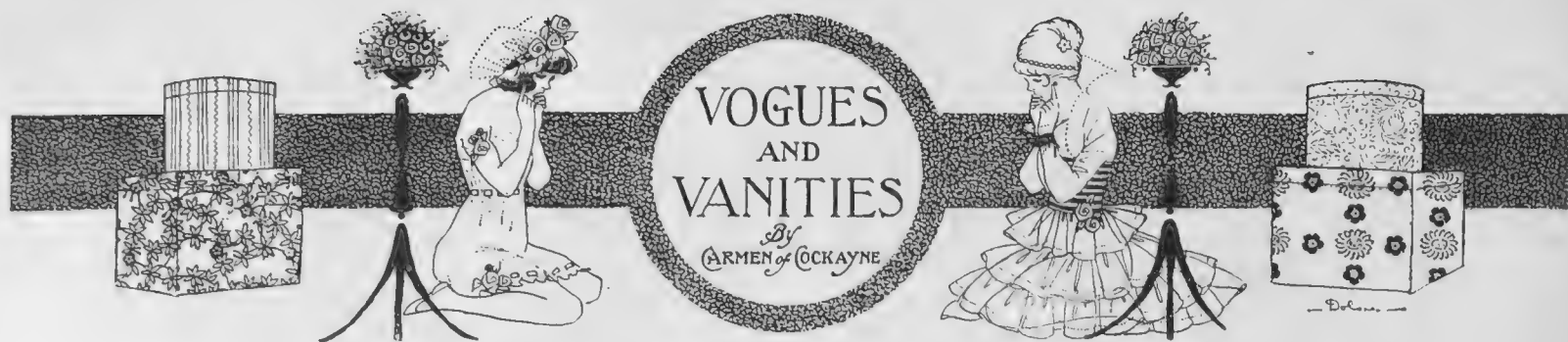


THE GLASS OF FORTUNE.



TOMMY (who has had the mirror of his trench periscope broken by a German sniper's bullet): Look at that, now. There's seven years' bad luck for some bloomin' Boche, and the blighter doesn't even know it.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



The Petticoat and Smaller Things.

Nothing is sacred to the rabid economist—even the petticoat. Some time ago that garment went "on the shelf." It was not laughed out of court: it was literally squeezed out, retiring before the ever-tightening embrace of the tube skirt. It was sad, but inevitable.

The sentimentalist mourned the disappearance of an old friend. The moralist denounced as shameless the abandonment by women of a garment that stood almost as the emblem of sex. The skirt, unswayed by either, continued on its chosen narrow way; and the petticoat perforce remained in obscurity. But the war re-established what the caprices of fashion had banished, and petticoats were never more the symbol of femininity than to-day, when they swish and sway and rustle and billow, and in general display themselves in the old grand manner. But there is no satisfying some people. When it was "down and out," the petticoat, apparently, was something whose disappearance all right-minded people regretted; now that it is "in" as well as out—for

requirements, a glance at their windows immediately shows their firm belief in the continued ascendancy of the frill and the furbelow.

The Patriotic Pettie.

So the petticoat is puffed out, but not with indifference to national interests. Its very frills flutter patriotism on occasion, to the discomfiture of the critics and the delight of all who love things novel. It has thrown its whole being into the Allied cause. Of this the patriotic "pettie" affords tangible proof. It is frilled, but not with lace; it is decorated, but the medallions and appliqué designs that adorn its surface are not the roses and love-knots of old frivolous days. They are the heraldic emblems of our Italian Ally emblazoned on a skirt in which the national colours are cleverly blended. The Union Jack figures on a background of red, white, and blue. Here is a petticoat whose ray-like configurations of alternate white and red denote the chosen symbol of our Ally farthest East. Russia is represented, so is France, so is Belgium. Luckless Serbia is not forgotten. Thus does the petticoat disarm its critics—and, incidentally, set a new fashion.



The Chinese hat is an adaptable affair. Here is one form in which green and white Ninon, orange-coloured satin flowers, and ribbon unite to form a boudoir cap.

the underskirt of the moment is a hoop-like affair—it is something, it seems, which no patriot should dream of wearing.

"P.M.G." In fact, this re-assertion of itself was quite sufficient to challenge the censorious spirit of thrift, and we are now told that petticoats are "not a necessity." "P.M.G."—petticoats must go—is, in short, the latest thrift cry of those implacable ones who will persist in thinking that economy flies out of the window when the mistress of the house has a predilection for good as opposed to dowdy dressing. In fact, denunciation follows so hard on the heels of any innovation that one sometimes wonders whether there is not some sinister commercial motive behind some of these thrift movements—whether they are not designed to stimulate yet another change of fashion. One thing is certain—the cause of true thrift is not served by these fierce attacks on institutions. Most women who went bifurcated in 1914 have petticoated themselves lavishly in the intervening two years, and it is really too much to expect them to go in for another change. As for the owners of those establishments who devote themselves particularly to the satisfaction of women's sartorial



There is not much of these combinations, but what there is does not fail in charm.



The hip frill is indispensable under the distended skirt, and the voluminous knickers help in the good work.

Harmony and Contrast.

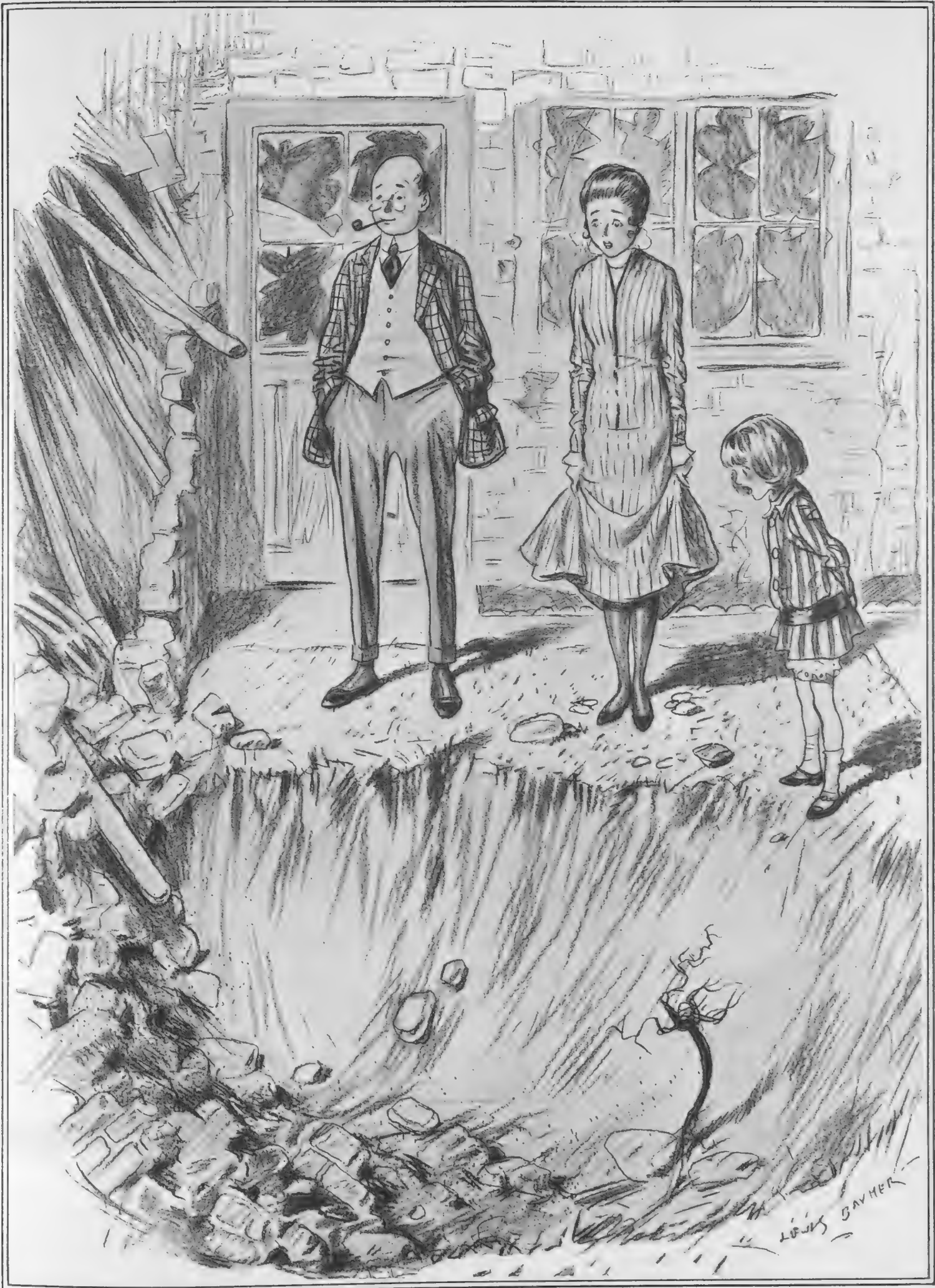
The tale of this, the latest type of underskirt, is a tale of contrasts; but then, contrasts are essential features of dress to-day. It is a queer whim of fashion to decree the reign of Pompadour silks and taffetas sprinkled with all manner of flowers, of skirts distended at the hips and generously wide as to hem, of frill and ruche and ruffle, and yet at the same time to launch styles which in their simple austerity suggest the habiliments of the monastery or the priesthood. You may preach the doctrines of plain dressing from within the folds of a gown which the sternest Calvinist might wear without fear of reproach; or walk through life in a maze of tulle and silk and roses, with a silhouette that suggests the days of Louis Seize; or embrace the crinoline of the Victorian era—that is merely a matter of personal taste and inclination. What is more important is that all three are absolutely "right," and the way in which fashion succeeds in reconciling to one another styles apparently antagonistic is a secret known only to herself.

Enter the Tassel. Naturally, our undergarments adapt themselves to the fashions of the day. The well-balanced toilette, like the well-balanced body described by St. Paul, believes in the co-operation of its parts. When skirts take wide views, petticoats follow suit, and knickers assume a corresponding breadth of vision. Frills uplift themselves in all sorts of unexpected places. There is, for instance, the hip frill which Dolores sketches here. Its name denotes its position, and, poised on petticoat and knickers, it has an uplifting influence on the skirt under which it is worn. Then there is the tassel. That decorous adjunct of the Victorian *élégante* is not generally associated with lingerie. But the influence that period now exercises on dress goes deeper than the skirt just in this one particular, and tassels—modern versions—waggle joyously on knickers, chemises, or camisoles that fulfil modern notions of all that lingerie should be.



The first shoe is gold and silver with a red heel; the second prefers spots; the lower one inclines to a plain exterior, but is not averse to an exotic lining.

ZEPP ! ZEPP ! HURRAY !



THE OPTIMIST (on the morning after the raid) : Well, you always wanted a rock garden, didn't you, dear?

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE TRUMP CARD MITCH HELD.

By H. P. HOLT.

IF it so happens that you have never been in prison in some of the remote parts of Wyoming, you cannot form a definite opinion of what the process is like. There are no clanking chains, no massive stone walls, no uniformed police. The term "in prison" is a technicality, insinuating—or rather, definitely proving—that the Sheriff has business with you which you cannot avoid.

The jail may consist of a ramshackle building, the door of which you could burst open with a shoulder; or the door may even be open, so that you may sit at the entrance, smoke, and reflect upon your sins. If you don't know those parts, nor the customs, nor the temper of the people, it may look as though getting away was one degree easier than rolling down a sloping roof; but if you are wise you will forget that idea and spend your time trying to think out the best available alibi, for several ounces of lead travelling at an uncomfortable pace will certainly encounter you in a tender spot if you make a serious attempt to cheat the local equivalent of law in that way.

Mitch was in prison at Pioche Peak when Dave Turner arrived there. Pioche Peak is a very long ride from anywhere, and so the Sheriff justly considered that considerable discretion was left in his hands—an opinion in which everybody concerned usually concurred excepting anyone who happened to be suffering for his indiscretions; but nobody minded him.

Mitch was leaning through an open window as Dave rode past. A couple of ranchers were doing nothing in particular a little distance away, but Mitch knew perfectly well what they would do if he tried any funny business, especially without a horse or a revolver. A faint sign of recognition passed over his features, and Dave slid out of the saddle. Mitch was a little under the average height. His lower jaw had a habit of projecting slightly, his hair was inclined to be red, his face was rugged for the thirty-odd years in which the world had known him, and he had a long nose crowned by a pair of blue eyes dotted with grey—eyes which one did not forget easily. Dave had noticed those eyes particularly on two occasions before. One was when Mitch retired from being a ranch-owner. He did so because in the course of a game of poker somebody else held four aces to his full house. The other occasion was when he rode thirty-three miles to camp, after being bitten by a diamond-back rattlesnake, to apply whisky as an antidote. He was still a little sleepy from the effects of the whisky three days afterwards, but the snake-bite had ceased to count. Considering he was not a drinking man, Mitch had tackled that whisky just as one would expect the owner of those grey-blue eyes to do when the situation was desperate. But you have to watch a man during his last half-hour after a diamond-back has nibbled him before you can really know how desperate the situation is.

"Been working around here lately?" Dave inquired diplomatically. Even in Pioche Peak it is not considered delicate to broach the subject of a man's misfortune, when it is such as Mitch's was, in too blunt a fashion.

The prisoner shifted his position slightly, stirred the crumbs of tobacco in the bowl of his pipe with his finger, and held his head on one side while applying a match.

"Do you recollect a little feller called Freyne, who used to work on Terhune's ranch near Theresa?" he asked.

Dave remembered Freyne, and nodded. Nearly everyone who had come in contact with Freyne remembered him. He had an ingratiating way with women, and no man would shake his hand.

"He says I stole his horse," said Mitch bluntly.

Dave emitted a soft whistle, as a man does when greatly surprised. In the cattle country of Western America there are three offences which are considered to have earned one a quick burial. One is killing a man except in a fair fight, another is taking bullocks that belong to somebody else, and the third is stealing another man's horse. It is so easy to get away with a horse in a part of the world where horses have to pick for themselves when they are not working, and a man without a horse is as useless as a fur overcoat in an unhappy hereafter, so it became necessary in the very earliest days to put restrictions on liberties of that kind. Dave's surprise, therefore, was not without reason.

"What's the popular feeling round here on the point?" he asked.

"They seem kind of divided," said Mitch calmly, considering his position. "About half of 'em want to see me gun-branded, and the rest are inclined for a funeral. The Sheriff has threatened to shoot anyone who starts the execution before he gives the word 'go.'"

The alternatives before Mitch were death in an unattractive form or eternal disgrace. When a man is gun-branded, his forehead is more or less neatly decorated with crosses drawn with the sharp edge of a revolver sight. After the wounds heal the man is a pariah. Only blind folk will talk to him, for everyone can see that he has been guilty of an unpardonable offence against his fellow-men, and he cannot hide it. He might be the best rider west of the Mississippi, but nobody would employ him.

Dave stroked his chin reflectively.

"Anybody know you round here?" he asked. It is an advantage for an honest man, on such occasions, to have a friend or two, unless the evidence is too strong. In this case there was only Mitch's word against that of Freyne, and Freyne was not unknown at Pioche Peak. He had been away a month, and when he arrived back on foot, declaring that his new horse had been stolen, there was a general turn-out, for, though nobody liked Freyne, nobody liked the idea of a horse-thief getting away. When Mitch was caught, the case against him certainly looked black.

"There isn't a mother's son here ever set eyes on me before," said Mitch, "barrin' Freyne. But there's an old score between him and me, see?"

"Oh-h!" said Dave thoughtfully. "That's how things is. Matter of business, eh?"

"No; a girl," replied Mitch, and Dave nodded his wise old head understandingly. He was beginning to see daylight. One never really knows the true character of the next man on a ranch, but Dave had weighed Mitch up long ago. Besides, Mitch had once done something big for Dave, who owned a large heart and knew the meaning of the word gratitude.

"I feel I'd like to take a hand in this," he said; "but what can I do? That's the point."

The blue eyes dotted with grey changed their expression, as they did when Mitch's mind was working hard.

"There's one man whose word would go a long way," he said, "and that's Pete Jefferson. You remember him, don't you? He was on Terhune's ranch the same time we were."

"Yes, I know him," replied Dave; "but where is he now? He left there in the autumn. And what has he got to do with this affair, anyhow?"

"Pete would tell them the pony never belonged to Freyne, and I don't know anyone else who would be more useful. Someone on Terhune's place may have heard where he is. That's the best I can suggest. I'd hate to be gun-marked. Don't know but what—but the other wouldn't be no worse. Freyne is tearin' his hair and hollerin' for the chance of jumping on my grave; but the Sheriff isn't one of these all-fired shoot-me-quicks, and he says I'm to have free board and lodging till this afternoon, so that we'll all be sure of getting a square deal."

While the two men were talking a number of ranchers approached, arguing noisily. Freyne was with them, and appeared to be excited. He had evidently been stirring up the pace of the lagging law, for the Sheriff held in his hand a long rope, strong enough to bear the weight of two men if necessary.

"This is where I finish," said Mitch. His face lost a shade of its tan, but otherwise he gave no outward sign of the fact that he knew he was doomed.

A glance at the men showed Dave they were intent on getting the thing over without further delay. The Sheriff eyed the old man keenly.

"I guess you'll take a stroll," he said in a pointed way. "We've no use for strangers round here just now."

Dave met the Sheriff's eyes squarely.

"I don't want to interfere with any of your private affairs," he said deliberately, endeavouring not to rouse resentment, "and—"

[Continued overleaf]

THE SPECIAL ALARM.



THE SPECIAL: Are you aware, Sir, that there is a light showing in your upper-floor window?

THE HOUSEHOLDER: Aware? Don't be a silly ass — the house is on fire!

'DRAWN BY GRAHAM SIMMONS.

you say so I'll clear out; but I want to tell you I can prove this man Mitch isn't a horse-thief if you'll give me a fair chance."

"Who are you, anyway?"

"My name is Dave Turner. I'm twice your age, and I've seen quite a number of men get what they deserve in my time. Hangin' is right and proper when it is right and proper, but nobody feels better for hangin' an innocent man."

There was a quiet dignity about Dave which could not be ignored, but the veteran's words seemed to stir Freyne up to a degree of hysteria.

"You shut up!" said the Sheriff brusquely, addressing Freyne. "Well, Turner, and how might you prove he is innocent? He had the horse when he was caught; and though I'll give any man a square deal at his own obsequies, I don't see how anything you can say will make much difference."

"It depends on you whether you get on with this hangin' or not," said Dave; "but I warn you that, whether Mitch is dead or alive, I'll fetch a man into this camp by the end of the week to prove what I say."

"Who?" screamed Freyne.

"Pete Jefferson."

A curious change came over Freyne's face. For a moment he was at a loss for words. Clearly this was a complication on which he had not reckoned.

"Do you mean Big Pete—him with the scar over his left eye?" asked the Sheriff.

"That's him," put in Mitch, who so far had been a silent spectator.

"Pete Jefferson is no friend of horse-thieves," said the Sheriff; "and if he's got anything to say I allow I'd like the boys to hear it. But he isn't here."

"Will you give me till Saturday morning to find him?" asked Dave. "If I fail, you can hang Mitch then if you like. That's fair."

The ranchers were somewhat subdued. Fiercely though they hated a horse-thief, they had not the least intention of killing unjustly. They were only anxious to obey the old-time, unwritten law of the cattle country.

"You can call that a deal. You've got till Saturday morning," declared the Sheriff; and no voice was raised in dissent except that of Freyne, who, however, was ignored.

"I'll get Pete here if he's to be found," said Dave quietly, turning to the man in prison; "and, as there's a longish ride in front of me, I guess this is where I start."

"There's one thing I want to tell you, Dave," observed Mitch. "If you do happen to find him, don't forget to tell him it is Freyne who is accusin' me."

Dave was just turned sixty, but his frame retained most of the splendid vitality that had helped him in his younger days to earn his reputation as a rider. But even to get to Theresa and back before Saturday was a serious undertaking. How much further he might have to go was problematical. He swung out of Pioche at the steady lope at which the western horses travel long distances best. Occasionally he spoke a word of encouragement to the willing beast under him; most of the time he stared straight ahead, thinking hard. Upon him rested the responsibility of the life of a fellow-man, a man for whom he had a peculiar regard. If Pete Jefferson were far away from Terhune's ranch, Mitch would dangle from the end of a rope or be gun-branded, and as likely as not Mitch would choose the former. Of his own horse Dave felt sure; but if Pete Jefferson's mount could not do sixty miles a day in that heat, and keep it up, Mitch would stand a very thin chance. If—

Dave ran his fingers through his stubby beard. There was far too much "if" about it to please him. In a long career he had seen men end their days in a variety of ways, but he personally had never been placed in quite such a delicate position in the affair. He covered seventy miles during the first twenty-four hours, knowing, even as he rode the last hour, that he was taxing the pony beyond its reasonable limit of endurance. The second day he had to pay for it by stopping after going sixty, when the horse began to stumble. Borrowing another animal, he rode on to Theresa, and, without ceremony, sought an interview with Terhune.

"Pete Jefferson?" said the ranch-owner. "Yes, I can put you right on to him. He's working for Wimpole, 'bout fifty miles this side of Pioche."

Dave did not try to stifle sundry exclamations that rose to his lips, and, with curiosity, Terhune watched the flying figure disappear in a cloud of dust on the trail he had just come by.

"I'd give something to see those two meet," he remarked to the landscape. "And I'll bet something else, judging by this feller's hurry—that it will be a lovely fight."

Mortifying though it was for Dave to learn that he had come so much further than was necessary, he had the satisfaction of knowing that Pete, even if he left Wimpole's place at dusk on Friday, could reach Pioche before it was too late. When the old man picked up his own animal again it was fresh after the rest, and

Dave pushed on well into the night. He spared neither himself nor the horse until he arrived at his destination just before noon on Friday.

Pete Jefferson, he was informed there, was rounding up cattle several miles away, but was expected back in the evening. The task of finding him before then was hopeless, for the ranch was a very large one, on which two men could hunt for one another for days without success.

Grinding his teeth at the delay, Dave forced himself to rest, and not until he had flung himself down did he realise how great was his exhaustion. It seemed only a few minutes afterwards, though it was in reality six hours, when someone woke him.

"Want to see me? My name is Jefferson," said a man standing by his side.

"Why, yes; I've come a little trip with that idea," said Dave. "You recollect Mitch, the red-headed man who used to work for Terhune?"

"Mitch? Yes, I know him," replied Pete, after a pause. "What's wrong with him?"

"Oh, nothing. At least, nothing is wrong now; but they're going to hang him at Pioche Peak in about twelve hours."

"Hang Mitch!" Pete exclaimed. "Why, has he been doing some shooting?"

"No," said Dave. "They calculate he's stolen a horse from a feller called Freyne, and Mitch said you'd be the only one who could show how it couldn't be."

"Freyne, eh?" observed Pete in a queer voice. "I thought that feller must have been filled up with bullet-holes by now. We'd better get a move on."

Just as the moon was rising they started out on the last stage of Dave's long ride. Pete said very little, replying only in monosyllables when the other man addressed him. He was fully occupied with his thoughts. Soon after midnight they rested their weary horses for a couple of hours, and then kept in the saddle without a break until they arrived at Pioche.

"Glad to see you," said Mitch, with a quaint smile, still in his primitive prison. "If you two will go right along to the Sheriff and get your business over I'll take it as a favour." For a man who was doomed to die inside a few hours he was noticeably unperturbed.

Dave and his companion sought out the Sheriff.

"'Bout this person you're going to kill," Pete began. "I'd just like to have a look at the animal he's said to have stole."

The horse, hobbled, was nibbling grass near, and the trio went over to inspect him. He had an odd white fetlock and an obliterated brand.

"Um-m," observed Pete at once. "Mitch has owned that hoss for four years. If you want to do any gun-branding, I should choose the man who said Mitch is a thief."

The Sheriff tilted his broad hat and scratched his head.

"Can't do that—now," he said. "I don't mind telling you I've had a notion all along that there was something queer about it."

"But why can't you gun-mark the other little feller?"

"He's gone," replied the Sheriff; "and I don't fancy we shall see him round here again. Freyne went off on Tuesday as soon as Dave Turner rode out to find you—just slid away, quiet-like, without saying a word to anyone."

A little later, two men rode away from Pioche Peak. One was Mitch and the other was Dave Turner. The Westerner is not gushing in his manner. Mitch had put out his hand and shaken that of the old man. Both understood the thanks conveyed thereby, and nothing more was said, done, or expected. Mitch was glad to be alive still, and Dave was pleased to have been able to return a service.

"I was only afraid you might forget to mention Freyne's name to Pete Jefferson," said Mitch as they jogged along. "You see, it all depended on that."

"How? I don't seem to have got the hang of that, quite," remarked Dave.

"Well, y'see, Pete mightn't have remembered me," Mitch explained. "I had only met him a time or two. But he knows Freyne. Two years ago some cattle were stolen at a ranch Pete Jefferson had then, and Freyne was in it. But Freyne was artful, and though the evidence wasn't strong enough to shoot him they had a good idea that he was in it, and they found out more afterwards. Pete was mighty sore, and I guessed he would come a mile or two to get even with Freyne."

"Pity he didn't succeed," Dave commented.

"He did," said Mitch cheerfully. "Didn't he scare the little man out of camp, and haven't I got Freyne's horse?"

"But Pete said that had been your horse for four years."

"Well, you see," said Mitch with a smile, "Pete is just a wee bit prejudiced against Freyne; and a horse like this is too good for a skunk like him, anyway."

THE END.



This article reviews the precepts of Pope and Bradley.

SHIBBOLETHS, in these days of Armageddon, exist only to be disregarded. So, in controlling the policy of Pope and Bradley since foundation, have I disregarded the shibboleths of the tailoring trade.

Conservatism in business methods and hide-bound convention in style are alike to me anathema. Commercially, the shibboleth that the exclusive West-End tailor should give unlimited credit is illogical and unsound, and is inevitably responsible for inflated charges.

Artistically, the shibboleth that time-worn fashions possessing no merit, and revered only by reason of their antiquity, should be allowed to remain unchanged is opposed to my conception of art, of utility, and of progress.

To write of clothes, with the world at war, is to afford the sceptics an opportunity for contumely; but, say what they will, clothes, in war or in peace, represent one of the factors of life. From time immemorial clothes have been the means of illustrating the manners, the spirit, and the character of each era of peace, and have always played a part of paramount importance in times of war. Therefore, I make no apology for the endeavours I made in pre-war days to improve the style and symmetry of the dress of the man about town, nor for the efforts I am making now to gain the utmost utility in the kit of the man in the trenches.

It is this determination to advance continually and never to remain content which has made the reputation of Pope and Bradley. To remain content in either art or commerce is to become decadent.

These are briefly the precepts of my House. If they had not borne fruit this article would never have been written. The artistic development has achieved the commercial success.

Progress.

The progress of the firm has been phenomenal, and, lest there might appear some suspicion of arrogance in making this statement, I will speak only in figures. The business was founded in the West End thirteen years ago. The turnover for several years before war broke out increased on an average 50 per cent. each year. Even since war was declared, with the utter dislocation of mufti trade in England and the almost entire loss of Continental business, the turnover has still continued to increase at the rate of 20 per cent. The cumulative effect is that the turnover of the firm has increased 2000 per cent in the last ten years.

Organisation.

Mediocrity in any form I cannot tolerate, and it is therefore imperative for me to have around me men of intelligence, conversant with my ideas, and with the ability to carry them out. It is also essential for me to be able to estimate the exact value of every man engaged in my service, in order that the reputation of my House be maintained.

The system of organisation is thorough in its simplicity. Every member of the pro-

ductive staff is paid on the principle of profit-sharing on their individual efforts. By this method it is to the interest of each cutter to retain as a permanent patron every new customer for whom he cuts, and the same method is carried out in each productive branch of the business.

War, and the Service inevitable Demands, commercial chaos which followed during the first few months, did not arrest the progress of Pope and Bradley, but it necessitated immediate reorganisation to Naval and Military demands. Mufti business dropped at once to a minimum, and the entire energies of the firm

were concentrated upon the Naval and Military productions. With a market flooded with khaki of all grades and qualities, from the outset the House rigidly adhered to the policy of refusing to supply any officer with any material or article of kit which could not be guaranteed as the best possible to procure. This policy has been maintained not from commercial instincts, but because I consider it little short of criminal to allow officers to purchase second-grade materials which producers must know to be totally unfit for active service.

In war-time reputations are difficult to maintain and easily lost. With the great demand for war materials, nothing is simpler than for unscrupulous producers to inflate prices and make great profits. But excessive profits in war-time savour to me of blood-money, and in directing the policy of my House I am pleased to be able to say that its name has been kept clean. The productions of Pope and Bradley

have been sold throughout the war at less profit than those obtained in pre-war days. This statement is certified by our chartered accountants, Messrs. Southwell, Tyrell, and Co.

I have no use for ephemeral success. I desire that the prestige of my firm should stand higher after the war than it did before.

I suppose the pessimists Mufti Fashions. and the economy mandarins will take an un-

holy joy in anathematising any reference to fashion in war-time. But even war has never succeeded in annihilating it. It is true that fashions and formality in men's clothes during the first year of war were unstudied and disregarded, but this phase has passed, and at the present moment fashion is being studied to a certain degree.

It is interesting to know that the smartest dressed men wearing mufti in town are officers invalided or home on leave. Service men tell me that the freedom of mufti is the greatest relief to the nerves after active service. They order their mufti from the trenches to be ready to await their arrival in England.

The fashions which exist to-day might be paradoxically described as "formally informal." In the West End the lounge jacket has taken the place of the morning coat, and the dinner-jacket the place of the evening tail-coat, but both are designed with precision and symmetry.

If any useful purpose could be achieved by us all clothing ourselves in drab and sombre materials, of a pathetic cut and "conscientious objector" style, we should not hesitate to do so, but the moral effect of dress is inestimable, and the suggestion of the National Organising Committee that 'to buy new clothes is unpatriotic' is simply lack of acumen. When Englishmen appear as tramps and all style in dress is allowed to stagnate, it will be the inevitable sign that the spirit of the nation has decayed. But that time is not yet, and I am willing to predict that the advent of peace



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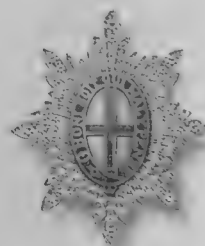
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WOMAN'S WAYS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The Russians
and Ourselves.

"The Duma"—as they were known in Society, no one being enterprising enough to tackle their individual names—have come and gone, leaving an amazingly friendly feeling behind them. The impression the Russian makes on one is that he is a being more like oneself, *au fond*, than is a Frenchman or a German. The first impression you get in Russia is of a curious similarity of appearance. Regiments of Russian soldiers, in their flat caps, look for all the world like Tommies, having the same open countenances and cheerful expression. Indeed, there are two fundamental traits in common between the Russian and the Briton—deep religious feeling and a passion for individualism. Their novels—even the realistic ones—are of the most idealistic tendency. Moreover, their psychology of women is unerring. Tourgenieff and Tolstoy have alone (with Shakespeare) the secret of portraying the young girl who charms, yet who is neither insipid nor a minx. It was here that Dickens and Thackeray failed so lamentably; nor are the great French writers any more successful with their *ingénues*. The Russian, like the Briton, has the passion for wandering: not being allowed to leave his own country, he trails, like Maxim Gorki, across its vast steppes; while the Briton, as the result of his passion for the outlands, has built himself an imposing Empire overseas.

Sir Frederick
Wedmore on
Civility.

There is a phrase about politeness in Sir Frederick Wedmore's new book which sets an observer of manners furiously thinking. "Civility," declares the author of "Brenda Walks On," "can be too marked. . . . Civility faultless and careful—almost ceremonious—is among the adroitest of means of defence. It erects a barrier unassailable, practically—keeps people wholly apart." It is, indeed, socially one of the most formidable ways of snubbing, and it annoys and mystifies more than arrogance or rudeness. The "graciousness" of a great lady—unless, indeed, she be a royalty—can amount almost to an affront. We all enjoy, occasionally, being rude to our best friends—it is one of the tests we put to find out if we really enjoy their affection. But when Lady Anna, in Sir Frederick's story of the stage, wished to recall to the actress the social abyss which yawned between them she cast even her formidable civility to the winds, and inquired about her progress in the theatre with "an indifference dexterous and chilly." Lady Anna had, to be sure, to rescue her cousin, the heir to an earldom, from the allurements of a Young Person who had, as yet, only won success at Scarborough, Cardiff, Stafford—and Notting Hill. Civility does its fell work; the heir returns to his Embassy, and the gesture of Sir Frederick's charming heroine in accepting her middle-aged, modest suitor is almost one of resignation.

A Revolution in
Manners.

It is possible that the new time o' day will cause evening dress to disappear in London in what used to be the season. The other night, at a well-known club, there was not a single woman who was not be-hatted, nor a man in evening clothes. They sat at open windows, looking on the verdure of Lansdowne House, and one would have guessed, at the first glance, that a number of luncheon parties were taking place. If may be we shall go back to the sensible practice of having the Season in the winter.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Kettle on the
Boil Again.

Captain Kettle was—dare we say it?—boiling over in his adventures on the War-path. Not being judged fit to serve with the forces—naval or military—worried him; but most certainly did not stop his activity. "I've tried everything, Sir . . . and not one of them will have me. They say I've a wooden leg." And that's not true, broke in Lady Kettle. The Captain's is a high-class American limb that cost £26 18s., even with the discount. At least, the one he wore when he tried to enlist was. He still has his old wooden implement (which Mr. McTodd made him), but he only wears that about home here, and when we've no company. Mr. McTodd meant well, but he made the leg of Honduras mahogany, and that's too heavy." Yet the doctors would have nothing to do with him—not even for B.4—and he had to shift for himself when he desired to face the enemy, and the desire was ever with him.

Cotton-Firing.

So it comes about that we find him—artificial leg, K.C.B., cigar, quarter-deck manner, torpedo beard, and all—doing astonishingly intriguing things in his own amazing manner. First we see him concerned with the dcings of a ship which set out to supply enemy submarines with fuel, sailing as pantryman, and triumphing on the bridge as rammer of the enemy craft. Then there is the story of his association with one Holly Holroyd in the destruction of contraband cotton by tabloids-cum-deferred-ignition. That was a great affair. The cotton was on the quay-side; Kettle and Holroyd were up a convenient water-tower. "The two pumped up the reservoirs of their air-guns, inserted the composite wad of fluxite and slow detonator, took aim at one of the ragged, untidy cotton bales below, and pulled trigger. . . . There was no noise beyond an almost apologetic 'click'; there was no flash; there was no movement on the part of the target to register a hit. . . . A roman-candle of flame spouted suddenly from one of the brown-and-white bales beneath them, sending up goutts of burning cotton into the night for the fingers of the breeze to spread. . . . no extinguishing appliances were efficient to cope with those fluxite fires. Bale after bale broke into flame, and spouted destruction. . . ."

He Captures
a Zepp.

But the greatest of all his adventures came when he captured a Zeppelin. It alighted on a moor. Kettle, who was looking after a weasel-trap, held up the crew and compelled them to enter an old adit for lead-workings; then, with one of their bombs, blew down the entrance, closing it with rock.

Mr. Martin Carnforth, M.P., and Miss Brown, the lady doctor, were summoned to his presence, and, before long, the trio set out in the Zepp., to make, as Kettle put it, a Rhine tour. Unfortunately, the party found a dirigible more difficult to manage than they imagined possible. They got to the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal; but their engines had failed, and they had to drift. Could anything be more annoying? The canal was "lit like a street with sizzling arcs; it was busy with a thousand activities. . . . In the sidings, moored fore and aft to the great bollards on the banks, lay the tragic items of the Second Largest Fleet in all the World. . . . Given engine-power, the hovering Zeppelin could have destroyed one after another, as though they had been ships of straw, so long as her supply of bombs held out."

"Captain Kettle on the War-path." By C. J. Cutcliffe Hynes. (Methuen; 6s.)



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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Healthy Girls. I sat in the Park and watched girls pass to and fro, and thought that I had never seen them, collectively, look so hefty and well as now. Fashion does not demand slimness, and our girls eat, drink, and are as merry as conditions will permit. It is rather perverse of them to do this now that food is so dear, when they strictly dieted during the plentiful time; but Fashion is to blame, and she is nothing if not inconsistent. Also, girls are doing things other than pursuing pleasure, and they have healthy interests in their lives. They have not subordinated the chief one—their own pretty, dainty appearance—and they never will. Leaving the Park, they were all faced with "To dress extravagantly in war-time is unpatriotic." Many a pretty head was tossed at this attempt at copybook-heading education, and one neat little lady said to her khaki-clad escort: "Why don't they teach their grandmothers to milk ducks?"—to which the reply was "I bet the old ladies could teach them a thing or two!"

King Sol. There was intense activity on the part of the sun for several days; a bombardment of bright beams was met by lines of sunshades, and very pretty they were. Two I saw were pagoda-shaped, very shallow and turned down sharply at the edge with gilt points. One was of cream-coloured satin, the other of shell-pink satin. I admired them very much, and I was told they were quite the latest and emanated from the great and only Jay's, so they were of a reputation as well as an appearance! Several were so far early-Victorian in inspiration as to have bands of silk fringe all round them: one or two had, I believe, been extracted from ancestral chests, having last appeared in the 'fifties of last century. Black-and-white striped sunshades with deep crimson borders were effective; a few were of chiffon and lace, many of foulard, but most were quite plain, and of red, green, blue, purple, champagne-colour, rose, and Parma-violet silk. The occasion was Church Parade—one on which the men seen were few and over military age, or in khaki.

Pretty Fashions. When the dress plan of campaign is changed so completely as it has been recently, it is seldom that unbiassed critics can candidly approve. He and she do so now, with the one drawback that there is nothing to argue about. Says he, "I like to see slim ankles and neat shoes." Says she, "I like to see women walking without kicking up the dust." Says he, "Blest if the swing of those skirts doesn't remind me of my kilty boys marching along." Says she, "It's a mercy to see women look less as if prepared to be put in mummy-cases." Says he, "I like all those pleats that stick out on those coat-cape things." Says she, "It's a comfort to think we needn't consider our figures morning, noon, and night!" Say both, "We have not had such an amicable chat about clothes for months!"

Necks Dressed and Undressed.

Necks are in a transition stage; if a lady appears at a wedding in what looks like a dinner-gown, one cannot say she is wrong. Invariably she will carry a handsome white fox or beautiful deep sable collar, or a wide ermine stole, which will be donned and doffed according to temperature, and so she has the advantage of looking nice both ways. The International Fur Store make rather a specialty of these all-the-year-round beautiful neck-ties; many varieties will be seen at their salons, 163, Regent Street. Again, if it is preferred to invest the neck in a high aiglon cravat of tulle, or lisse, or lace—that looks very smart and up to date. Again, if a fluffy ruff be worn, the effect is quite fashionable—and kind, be it said, to those whose youth is not in pristine freshness.

The Allure of Quaker Quietness.

The Duchess of Marlborough understands the psychology of dress, and since war has enshrouded us has always been attired quietly, yet with charm undeniable. At the Flower Show at Chelsea she wore a perfectly plain Quaker-grey full skirt and full cape-coat with the neatest of little embroidered lawn collars, and a small black straw hat with some brightly coloured tiny flowers in lines over the rather high crown. It was a dress of almost "Little Britain" simplicity; there were pearls, of course, but they were worn from affection and were not ostentatious.

No Band. It was somewhat tantalising to read what the Royal Artillery Band was to play in the programme of the Show, and then to see a note on the cover to say that to render the Flower Show in full sympathy with the times, it had been decided to dispense with the band. I don't see why we should be deprived of music when the bands are here. Defend us always, of course, from the music (?) of German bands!

"No Admittance Until Noon."

This was what Mrs. Asquith heard when she arrived at the Show some ten minutes before it was open to the public. The constables had their orders, and, Prime Minister's wife as she is, to them she was just one of the public. Quite a correct view too; the wife of the Premier, like the wife of the Primate, has no precedence!

The concert which the staff of Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., the manufacturers of the well-known Napier motors, inaugurated to aid the "Star and Garter" Fund was duly held at the Hammer-smith Baths, Lime Grove, and proved a complete success. All expenses were borne by the staff and the Napier Company, and the "Star and Garter" Fund will benefit to the extent of well over a hundred pounds. The Napier staff, to the number of over fourteen hundred, were present and gave a cordial greeting to the clever artists, professional and other, amongst whom were Miss Elizabeth Asquith, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss Clarice Mayne and "That," Miss Annie Rees, Mr. Billy Merson, and "Maurice."



A GROUP OF SUMMER FROCKS.

White mousseline and furbishings of kilted black mousseline go to the making of the centre dress. On the right is a frock of myrtle-green "linetta," with embroideries in Oriental colouring, and a vest and collar of white organdy. The child's frock is made of white serge and red-and-white checked cotton, with a little side-belt of shiny-red leather.



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There is grave danger in such neglect because, unless the cause of the trouble is removed, each succeeding attack is likely to be more severe than the last. If Nature's warning is still neglected, there is the risk of a permanently deranged digestive system and chronic dyspepsia.

This may sound alarming, but it is only too painfully true.

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

INTERESTING INFORMATION : CARBONISATION TROUBLE : TEA ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

Another Eye-Opener.

Not long ago I had occasion to comment upon the way in which items of invaluable information are fortuitously forthcoming in mere short paragraphs, or even glancing allusions, and escape the notice and discussion they deserve. The case in point at that time was a National Physical Laboratory report upon the running of a certain tested vehicle, and it was incidentally made clear that to keep one's change-speed gear-box well supplied with oil was a mechanical crime. The less oil the box contained—always provided, of course, that there was sufficient to lubricate the gears—the higher the efficiency of the transmission, whereas the usual depth of oil, covering the shafts, set up internal resistance of an undesirable and power-absorbing kind. Now comes another eye-opener in the shape of a passing remark by Mr. L. H. Pomeroy, one of the ablest of our British designers.

The Effects of Carbon Deposit.

This concerned the question of the removal of carbon deposits from pistons, and the desirability or otherwise of having detachable cylinder-heads. Every practical motorist knows that the piston-tops become coated with carbonised oil in time, and that it is necessary to remove this with a frequency dependent upon the type of engine itself, the kind of oil used, and other factors; some engines require cleaning every 500 miles, and others may be left alone for ten times the distance. For this reason the detachable form of cylinder-head, as used in certain cars, allows the process of piston-scraping to be much more expeditiously performed than if the cylinders have to be dismounted at the base. But here we come to Mr. Pomeroy's remarkable declaration as follows: "The argument that by the use of a detachable head it is possible to remove the carbon from the tops of the cylinders is fallacious, for the reason that the real trouble from carbonisation is due to the carbon deposit on the under side of the piston rather than that on the top of the cylinder-head." The average motorist is not in a position to controvert the view of so able and experienced an engineer as Mr. Pomeroy, and in the absence of proof to the contrary, must accept his *ipse dixit*. But this much must be said—that the average chauffeur who overhauls his engine is content to scrape the carbon from the piston-tops alone, especially if they are readily accessible from above, for he knows

that the deposit increases the compression, causes "pinking" on small-bored, high-speed engines, and may cause pre-ignition by becoming incandescent. But if the carbon which collects on the nether side of the pistons is even more deleterious in its effects, and remains untouched, what a world of mysterious trouble every man is laying up for himself, no matter how often or how punctiliously he scrapes the tops! And one would like to know what is the usual method followed by the professional engine-cleaners who use the

oxygen process; do they stop short at the piston-tops, or clean the pistons inside and out? It is, to say the least of it, a very interesting point.

A Commendable Practice.

Many British motor firms are content to retire from the public gaze entirely during the war, being up to the eyes in War Office or other Government work. Others, though just as busy, are taking the wiser course of endeavouring to retain the interest of their former clients. Of this type the Austin Motor Company is an example, and it has just issued an "interim catalogue" which is intended to do service until such time as the firm is in a position to return to normal conditions. No orders, of course, can be executed for vehicles unless they are sanctioned by the War Office as being necessary for war service, but this fact should not prevent inquiries being sent through, as the Company has a waiting list to which names can be added for priority of supply after the cessation of hostilities.



WITH OUR FIELD SIGNALLING CORPS AT SALONIKA: LAYING A TELEPHONE WIRE 'CROSS COUNTRY.

Glancing carelessly at the illustration, a casual reader might take it for a picture of a new sort of hay-cutting machine at work, or a horse-drawn lawn-mower in the Colonies of bigger make than one sees at home. It is really one of the ingenious machines devised by the Signalling Corps of the Allies at Salonika for laying field-telephone wires over the rugged hill country towards the frontier.

Press Bureau Photograph; supplied by S. and G.

Five o'Clock Tea—New Style.

Though now ancient history, everyone remembers the epic performance of M. Blériot in crossing the Channel by aeroplane for the first time. Later on, of course, the feat was repeated a sufficient number of times

to become almost commonplace, and an old touring companion of my own made the journey in twenty minutes, and thought nothing of it. Then came the war, and flying the Channel really did become a routine matter, and another friend of mine crossed from Folkestone to Boulogne in twelve minutes. But his younger brother has gone one better in the way of matter-of-factness, if one may coin the word. One afternoon recently he was wondering where he should have his tea, and sud-



A VERY SPECIAL "BUS": A NEW DOUBLE-ENGINE BIPLANE THE ALLIES ARE USING.

If hardly of the familiar Hendon or Brooklands flying model, the machine shown above belongs to one of the most up-to-date types of aeroplane in existence. It is a special war machine, one of the new craft which have just been introduced in the Air Service on the Western Front to keep the Allies' air ascendancy. Its points are two sets of powerful engines; and the gun position, midway between the engines.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

denly conceived the idea of slipping over to France! Jumping on to his machine, he flew from Hampshire to the French coast, enjoyed his "five o'clock," and then flew back again to the New Forest.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

WHEN a critic hears a good deal of laughter in the theatre which he does not share he asks himself anxiously whether he is growing stale—perhaps “jaded” is the commoner term. Then he consults some brother-critics—the younger, but not the very young. In the case of “Ye Gods!” at the Kingsway, I found regretfully that they, too, were not sharing in the laughter, of which there was a good deal. It is curiously easy and difficult to cause laughter in the theatre. Some well-known phrases, even words—“damn,” for instance—and some threadbare situations never fail, and all these are within the knowledge of the humblest beginner; on the other hand, genuine wit is not always successful. It may well be that “Ye Gods” will run longer and cause more laughter than the brilliant “Caroline,” a thought which causes something like a feeling of despair. Yet there is one thing to be glad of—the new farce has the merit of being quite clean. Messrs. Stephen Robert and Eric Hudson have laboured strenuously at the idea that it is funny to cause a lot of women of widely different ages to fall violently in love with a very commonplace young man. Seven of them were his victims, and we had six repetitions with no very great difference of the scene of their making fierce love to him, and several of them kissed him. Also, we had scenes of wrath by jealous

husbands. In addition, a kind of Bacchic frenzy seized the women, and they sought to murder their adored, and so rushed after him, uttering very feebly a cry for his blood. It seemed to me remarkably unfunny, if the word is usable. The foundation of it all was that the young man was supposed to have offended an African god, who consequently put a love-spell upon him which lasted less than a day—not a very brilliant invention, nor worked out with much

plausibility. Mr. Charles Windermere played the principal part with great energy; Mr. Yorke Stephens acted neatly as a jealous doctor; and there was a clever piece of work by Mr. Lauderdale Maitland. The best performances amongst the ladies were by Miss Frances Weatherall, Miss Mary Merrall, Miss Barbara Gott, Miss Dorothy Fane, and Miss Pauline Hugen. Mr. Fred Eastman caused a good deal of laughter as a very low-comedy butler.

One might fancy that Mr. Martin Harvey presented his “Richard III.” for the purpose of showing the advantages of his “Taming of the Shrew” method of production. For, in consequence of the conventional changes of scenery, the tragedy lasted till nearly twelve o’clock, and proved somewhat exhausting to many of the audience. The gain to Shakespeare by the swift performance of his dramas is enormous, particularly in the case of a piece like “Richard,” a chronicle play with next to nothing in the shape of a plot. Personally, I love the chronicle plays as historical pictures, even if doubtful whether the author

(Continued overleaf.)



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Standing at the back on the left is Miss Alexandria Ralli, and on the right is Miss Melita Vassiliadi. Sitting, from left to right, are Miss Queenie Argenti, Miss J. Rodocanachi, and Miss D. Ralli.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

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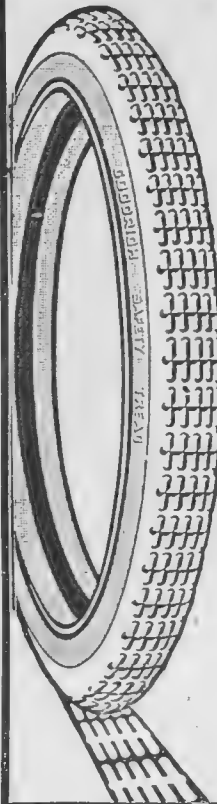
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Continued really painted the times he dealt with, and full of regret that he had so little sympathy with the humbler classes. What a splendid contribution to history it would have been if Shakespeare had written some *bourgeois* comedies of his own time! Mr. Harvey's Richard III. is a very able performance—a little over-charged with colour, perhaps, as if he doubted the intelligence of his audience, and sometimes his speech was hard to follow; still, he gave a strong, grim, humorous picture of that ferocious monster, whose recognition of the lawlessness of necessity ought to endear the drama to the German public. Also he introduces some pieces of clever business which I think are novel. There was an excellent performance by Mr. Harcourt Williams of Clarence, and he paid more respect to the verse than was common in the company. His two murderers were well presented by Messrs. Ibberson and J. Cooke Beresford. Mr. Malcolm Keen played King Edward very well. The Queen Margaret of Miss Genevieve Ward was received with quite hearty applause. I ought to add that some of the scenic effects were charming.



SHAKESPEARE IN JAPAN: "JULIUS CÆSAR" IN "REGIONS CÆSAR NEVER KNEW."

Our clever Allies, the Japanese, take a great interest in Shakespeare, whose plays are often acted in their theatres. The photograph shows a performance of "Julius Caesar" by students of the Waseda University, Tokyo (an institution founded by Count Okuma in 1902), on a stage set up in the grand lecture-hall. The University library has a special room devoted to Shakespearean books and illustrations.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Bargain-hunting and benevolence combined make a magnet which will draw all London to Islington for the great Fair of things useful, ornamental, pretty, or practical, from works of art to tons of coal, which are to be sold at the Caledonian Market on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6 and 7. The market has long been known as a happy hunting-ground, on Fridays, for snappers-up of unconsidered trifles, and even to connoisseurs and collectors of more ambitious "articles of bigotry and virtue." This great War Fair, however,

should, for the sake of its object, draw all London, for it is to aid the funds of the "Wounded Allies Relief Committee" that this exceptional effort is being made. Lady (Arthur) Paget and many other well-known ladies have worked hard as organisers, and will work still harder at the stalls; and there will be a continuous round of music and entertainments from the opening to the close of the Fair. Queen Alexandra, always ready to aid such kindly efforts,

with Princess Victoria; the Princess Royal, with Princess Maud; and the Grand Duchess George of Russia will be present on the first day, and titled ladies galore will be selling everything conceivable, from motor-cars to pipes. The Fair will be declared open by the Lord Mayor at noon on Tuesday, and on the second day an auction will be held of things left over. The Wounded Allies Relief Committee is cosmopolitan, and, in a variety of ways, helps the wounded of all our Allies.

The taking over by the Government of a number of distilleries has made it increasingly difficult to obtain pure-malt Scotch whisky, and it is satisfactory to know that Tuckey's Special Scotch, which is a mellow, palatable, and fully matured spirit, made from Scotch barley in the Highlands, and is recommended by medical authorities on dietetic grounds, can be obtained for the reasonable price of 5s. a dozen, and a sample bottle can be had, post free, for 5s. Tuckey's Liqueur Scotch is also a whisky to satisfy the most fastidious, and is 6os. a dozen. These whiskies may be had direct from the London cellars of Messrs. Charles Tuckey and Co., Ltd., 3, Mincing Lane, E.C.

PAQUIN, LIMITED.

AT the nineteenth annual general meeting, held at Cannon Street Hotel, Sir Alfred J. Newton, Bt., presided, and, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the loss on trading for the year ended Dec. 31, 1915, amounted to £8773, as compared with a loss for the previous year of £36,037. On the assets side of the balance-sheet the freehold property in Paris had been reduced by the paying off of a further £2000 from the mortgage, and the actual value of the freehold property there stood in the books at £94,492. The freehold in London (Dover Street) was entirely unencumbered. The stock-in-trade (Paris and London) amounted to £49,530, a reduction of £5350, and the sundry debtors, after providing for bad and doubtful debts, were this year taken at £173,220, a reduction of £19,064. The shareholders, he said, were to be congratulated on the fact that Mme. Paquin had consented personally to take in hand the active management of the Paris house, and he had every confidence that this would inaugurate a new era of prosperity for the company. (Applause.) Mme. Paquin had sent a very interesting letter expressing regret at her inability to attend the meeting. She referred to the fact that already, notwithstanding the difficulties of all kinds which had to be encountered in consequence of the grave events through which they were passing, business with their Paris *clientèle* was decidedly improving in comparison with that of the corresponding period of last year. If, through a favourable turn in the military and naval situation permitting of more travelling facilities, they could have the satisfaction of seeing once more those of their foreign customers who had not been affected by the war; and, better still, if the hostilities should be speedily terminated by the success of the Allied forces, a rapid recovery would, she felt certain, soon ensue. The directors (Sir Alfred added) were very much gratified at receiving that letter. Mme. Paquin was by far the largest shareholder, possessing some 70,000 shares, and her return to the scene of her former activity was a very encouraging feature. (Applause.)

Mr. William Mendel seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

A special vote of thanks to Mme. Paquin for the encouraging letter she had written was passed, together with a motion expressing the shareholders' confidence in that lady. The shareholders present were obviously much gratified by the improvement which had taken place in the Paris business of the famous house, and every confidence was expressed that, when the war had come to an end, Paquin, Ltd., would reassume its great position in the world of fashion.

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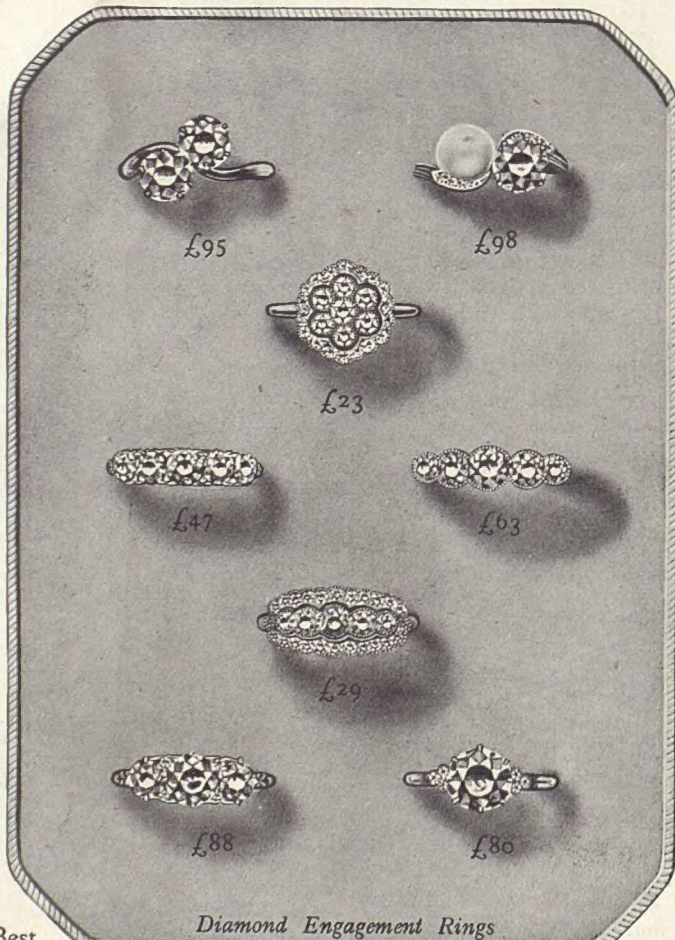
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